

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 123

Week Ending
JULY 23, 1921

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

MOVING BATTLESHIP WITHOUT A MAN

SHACKLETON'S MEN GREAT COMRADES FOR A GREAT ADVENTURE

Explorers for the Thirty
Thousand Mile Voyage

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE

Sir Ernest Shackleton is being inundated with offers of service on his 30,000-mile adventure. Hundreds of Boy Scouts wish to go.

Second in command will be Frank Wild. He has been going south for 20 years. He was with Scott for three years from 1901; he was with Shackleton in the Nimrod 14 years ago; he was with Sir Douglas Mawson from 1910 until 1912; and, of course, he was second in command to Shackleton in the last expedition, which lost its ship in the ice and did the unparalleled journey in open boats to Elephant Island.

There, on that inhospitable sandy spit of land on the fringe of the ice, the courage and wisdom of Frank Wild kept 22 men alive on a starvation diet during four-and-a-half months, while Shackleton was seeking relief. Wild is like a twentieth century Elizabethan—a man Drake would have loved.

A Deadly Device

Commander Frank Worsley was captain, under Shackleton, of the ill-fated Endurance, and after the ship was crushed and the crew reached Elephant Island he took part in the great row to South Georgia and in the crossing of the ice-capped island. Afterwards, rejoining the Navy for war service, he became known as "Depth-Charge Bill," owing to his deadly success with that very terrible device.

By a happy coincidence, he had with him in a great fight at sea Lieutenant-Commander Stenhouse, afterwards commander of a mystery ship and hero of several fights with submarines.

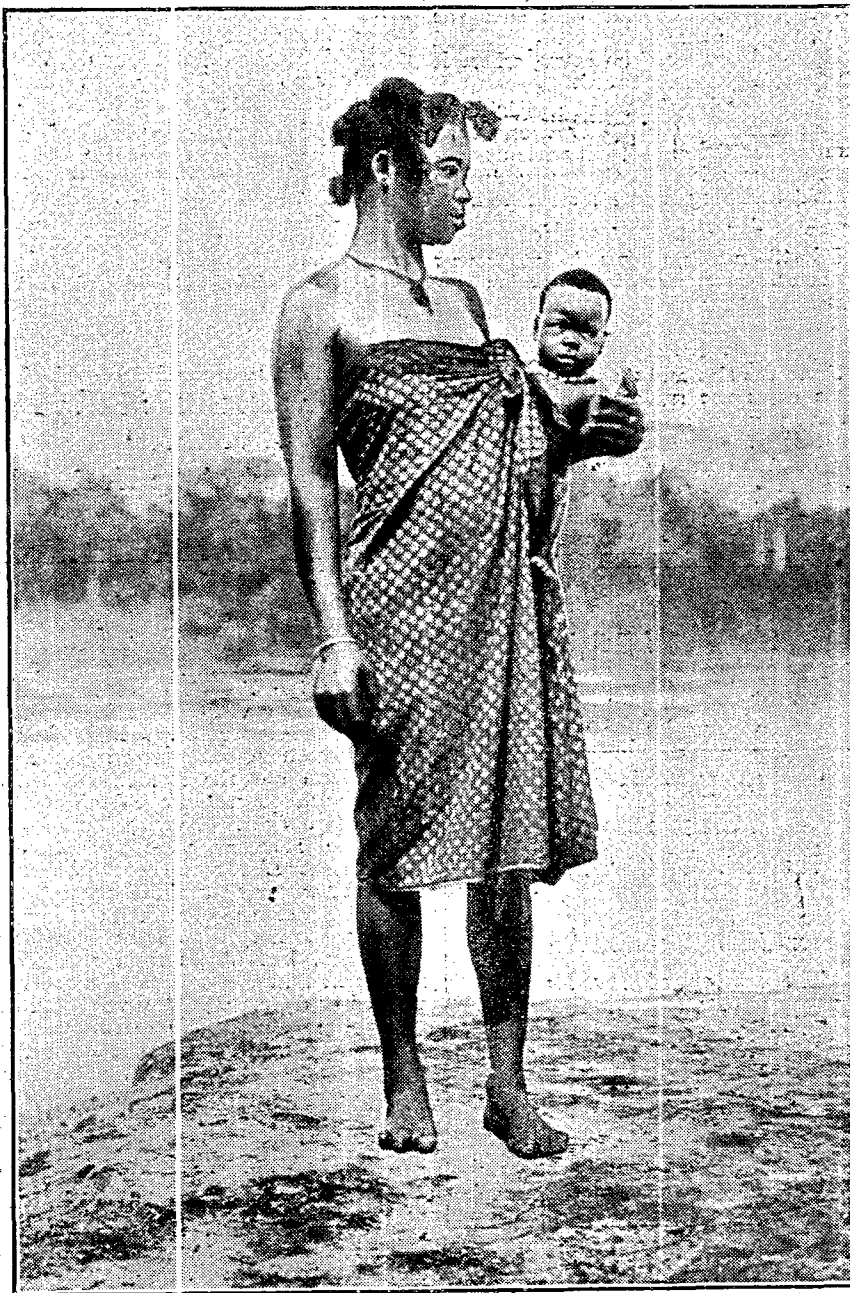
Worsley and Stenhouse meet again in Shackleton's new crew, and Stenhouse has a marvellous story behind him.

The Relentless Ice

There were two ships in the 1914 expedition, and Stenhouse was on the Aurora. Her captain and two other men were lost on the mainland in a blizzard, and the Aurora herself had a wonderful adventure. While anchored off the Antarctic mainland, with two anchors and five steel hawsers fixed, she was carried off by ice, with half her crew left on land with insufficient stores, and was at the mercy of the drifting, grinding, relentless ice from March in 1915 to March in 1916.

Her rudder was smashed; she was nipped into leaking in several places; she was pinched, pounded, tossed high up and borne down deep beneath the ice. Steam froze in her pipes; human breath froze into hoar-frost in her cabins. There was nothing but ice to quench thirst or to feed the boilers.

A Lady of Nigeria Goes for a Walk



A stylish lady of Nigeria, where the Emir of Katsina, now on a visit to this country, rules over a large territory. Of all the wonders the Emir has seen in England the sight that astonished him most was that of a policeman on point duty in a large town holding up the traffic of a crowded street by simply raising his hand.

For months Stenhouse had his men ready to abandon the ship at a moment's notice, for there were at one time seventeen icebergs, each millions of tons in weight, tilting at the little ship. But the men never lost heart, and they got the ship to New Zealand, though with only about a ton of coal left.

Then there is Major A. H. Macklin, the old Endurance surgeon and biologist who navvied with the best of them, and, though he never had a wash for ten months, retained all his old skill, and, in those bitter days on Elephant Island, amputated the frost-bitten toes of the first man who ever set foot on the lonely island.

Captain Hussey, too, is going. He was the meteorologist of the Endurance, an unconquerable spirit who sprang on to the Endurance as she was crumbling into

the crashing ice and secured his banjo, the very last thing saved, and with it and his cheerful songs kept alive the hearts of the marooned men.

FORTUNE KNOCKS AT A GARRET DOOR Artist's Happy Day

At the moment when he was faced with hunger on being turned out of his garret because he could not pay his rent, a young artist in New York, Frank Schwarz, received a letter announcing that his picture, Heroism had won for him a fellowship of the American Academy at Rome, entitling him to three years' study in Europe.

Schwarz sold his humble possessions at once, paid off his landlady's debt, and set out on a career of great promise.

BATTLESHIP STEAMS WITHOUT A MAN

STEERED BY WIRELESS

Remarkable Feat in the
American Fleet

HOW IT IS DONE

By a Scientific Expert

A wonderful instance of the way in which moving objects can be controlled from a distance by wireless has been seen in America, a battleship under steam being manoeuvred and directed completely by wireless telegraphy, there being no sailors or engineers on board.

The reason for this was that the old battleship, the Iowa, was to be located by aircraft, and then attacked with bombs. The air contingent of both American army and navy took part in the attack, seven seaplanes and four airships being lent for the occasion.

An ingenious safety arrangement had been devised on the battleship, whose engines were running, by means of which, if any mishap occurred to the wireless control, the engines would instantly stop and the ship come automatically to rest. But while ploughing her way through the sea the ship was manoeuvred by wireless from another battleship.

How the Wireless Works

The controlling of ships at sea and of moving objects on land is only at a beginning stage, and is likely to make a great revolution in the mechanical motion of the future. Although wireless signals are so minute, and utterly incapable of doing any work such as turning the steering wheel of a ship, they can be "amplified," and made to cause a tiny lever to move, perhaps a thousandth of an inch only, so that it touches an electrical contact. Then heavy electrical currents can be set in motion, and work requiring any power put in hand.

Thus one particular type of signal would operate the steering gear of a ship, another would regulate the engines, and the armoured ocean monster, empty and crewless, would manoeuvre at the will of a navigator fifty miles away.

Trains Stopped by Wireless

Not very long ago an interesting wireless signal box was tested at Nuremberg, when express trains, running at fifty miles an hour, were brought to a standstill exactly in the station. Different kinds of signals were used to shut off steam and to apply the brakes.

In naval practice it has long been the custom to fire at obsolete vessels out at sea and then to examine the ships to see what effect the firing has had; but the wireless manoeuvres of the Iowa, a hundred miles off the Virginia Capes, have been of far more value, for the ship has played hide-and-seek with the attacking aeroplanes and airships, has given a real hunt for the "enemy," and when attacked has been able to make attempts to dodge real bombs without any damage to anybody.

NEW SHIP FOR THE ATLANTIC

FRANCE'S BIGGEST YET
Comforts of a Floating Palace
A BATH FOR EVERY BEDROOM

By Our Paris Correspondent

France is proud of its great new merchant ship, the Paris, which has lately been floated amid much rejoicing.

The Paris is a floating palace, the biggest ship that France has yet—258 yards long, 29 yards wide, 20 yards in depth, and carrying 33,700 tons. The vessel has a double foundation, water-tight bulkheads, and abundant pumps. She carries 51 boats and eight rafts that can be towed by a motor launch.

Very comfortable and smart, the new ship makes a splendid home for 3233 passengers, 455 servants, and 207 crew; nearly four thousand souls in all. The ship's servants, so necessary to brighten the life of such a huge vessel, include nurses, stewards, cooks, butchers, hair-dressers, flower-sellers, typists, maids, and so on.

First French Steamer

How far away we seem now from the first French merchant service, inaugurated 57 years ago by the steamer Washington between Havre and New York! The Washington was 111 yards long and could carry 250 passengers. Twenty years later came the Normandie, carrying a thousand passengers. It was the admiration of all the experts, and captured all Atlantic travellers. Eight years after that a new type of ship was born—the Touraine, 180 yards long; and in 1900 came the France, the biggest ship before the Paris, with a length of 239 yards, a width of 26 yards, a depth of 18 yards, and 24,800 tonnage.

Now the Paris eclipses them all, and compares in comfort with the most famous hotels. There is a splendid exercise room with mechanical horses and punch balls, a big children's play-room, bedrooms exactly like our rooms at home and not like ordinary ships' cabins, hot and cold water always ready, and a bath-room for every bedroom. How welcome all this is to those who have been used to travelling in little cabins with tiny basins to wash in!

One is reminded of that story of a ship's commander who was startled by a passenger wanting a bath. "You are not ill, are you?" said he. "Then why take a bath?" Do you know the contents of a bath? More than fifty gallons of water—your ration for drinking and washing for a month's voyage."

A VERY BAD HABIT And a Danger to Health

By the C.N. Doctor

When I bought last week's C.N. the boy who sold it moistened his thumb in order to enable him to pick up the copy, and when, later on, I went to the Reading Room of the British Museum the library attendant in the same way moistened all my book tickets when he returned them to me.

Now, it is not pleasant to handle papers which have been wetted in this way, and it is still less pleasant to have to carry in one's pocket tickets that may have been moistened ten or twenty times. And not only is it unpleasant, it is dangerous, for there are many infectious diseases—such as sore throat, diphtheria, and influenza—which may be spread in this way.

No one should ever wet a finger to pick up paper, or turn over leaves, or to deal cards. It is a dirty, ill-mannerly, and dangerous habit.

SNAKES

Scene in a Surrey School
WHEN NOT TO BE AFRAID

While at their lessons a few days ago a teacher and her class of boys and girls in a Surrey school were startled by the appearance of a snake, three feet long, wriggling into the class-room.

The headmaster killed the snake with a spade, and the class was happy again.

About the same time what is described as "a great snake hunt" took place in a London suburb, where a lady from her bedroom window saw a snake wriggling up the garden path.

She rushed downstairs to shut the door, but the snake was too quick and had already entered the house, where it disappeared in a cupboard.

The lady's husband and a neighbour were summoned and spent a long time hunting for the snake, but without success, and at midnight they gave up the search, believing it to have escaped.

Grass Snake as a Pet

But the next morning the snake was seen on a coal-shed roof in the garden, and was killed by a neighbour to the relief of everybody, when it was found to be nearly three feet long.

From the size and description in both these cases the snakes were obviously common grass snakes, and it is the greatest pity in the world that whenever one of these interesting and perfectly harmless creatures shows itself it is instantly killed.

There is only one poisonous snake in the British Isles, and that is the viper, or adder, which is quite easily distinguished by the broad zig-zag, black line down the middle of its back from head to tail.

The grass, or ring, snake has no such line, its brownish-grey skin being ornamented by two rows of black spots. Then the adder is smaller than the grass

The Empire for a Class Room

The C.N. Monthly, My Magazine, is glad to welcome this note from the Wesley College Chronicle, Melbourne, Australia:

The Editor of My Magazine should have been a schoolmaster, though, if the enormous popularity of the book in other parts of the British world is but half of that evinced in Wesley College, he is a man who has the whole Empire for a class-room.

snake, rarely exceeding two feet in length, while the grass snake is three feet or more.

The only other snake-like creature found wild in Britain is the blind-worm, or slow-worm, which, though it looks like a snake, is really a lizard that has lost its legs. It is only about a foot long, and has a brownish-grey skin with a very metallic appearance.

If a grass snake makes its way into a school, it should be caught and kept as a pet instead of being killed. Children can be taught many useful nature lessons from this interesting creature, and one of them is that the fear many of us have of anything wriggly is often groundless.

QUEER EXPERIENCE

The Earth Gives Way

Gladys Ellis, a Worcester girl, has had a very strange experience.

She was standing opposite a stall in the market hall when the floor suddenly gave way and she fell into an old well, twenty feet deep. She was rescued by a constable, and suffered nothing worse than bruises and shock.

AMERICA AT PEACE AGAIN

President Harding Does
A Great Thing
IN THE MIDDLE OF A GAME OF GOLF

America has made peace with Germany. The last of the Allies to come into the War, she is the last to go out.

The War has been ended for America by a resolution passed through both Houses of Parliament and signed by the President. The President was at the house of Senator Frelinghuysen, at Raritan, New Jersey, when the resolution was brought to him for signature, two years and eight months after the Armistice, and two years and four days after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles.

Only about thirty people were at this country house in Somerset County, New Jersey, when the President concluded the Great War for America, and very few people took note of it, though not many miles away in the same State 90,000 people were watching a prize fight between two men.

"That's all," said President Harding, as he signed his name. He was resting in the middle of a game of golf, and after signing he resumed his game.

FRANCE SEEN FROM ENGLAND

Odd Result of the Heat and Drought

HOW DISTANT SCENES ARE BROUGHT NEAR

A number of readers have written to the C.N. confirming what has been reported in the grown-up papers, that for years the French coast has never been so clearly visible from England as now. France is regularly seen, of course, from Folkestone, but of late it has been possible to see the French cliffs distinctly with the naked eye from Deal—a very rare sight. Even the outlines of Boulogne Harbour were visible, and Cape Grisnez Lighthouse could be clearly discerned without the aid of glasses.

This appearance of what in the ordinary way is not visible is really a form of mirage, but differs from the usual mirage in that the objects seen are not warped or distorted in any way, and do not appear unnaturally elevated.

The appearance is none the less a true mirage—objects that would not otherwise be seen being brought within reach of the eye by the refraction, or bending, of the rays of light.

The mirage is generally seen in a hot, dry climate, and that is why it is common in the desert. The drought and heat experienced recently have given ideal conditions round our coasts for the production of the mirage.

The air becomes made up of layers of unequal density, and as the rays of light pass from the objects in the direction of the spectator, they are bent more than they would be under normal conditions. The vision of the whole landscape is in this way raised to some extent, and thus becomes visible from a greater distance than would otherwise be the case.

TALE OF A WEDDING RING

Our Paris correspondent sends a queer story of something that lately happened.

A French peasant woman had lost her wedding ring in feeding a cow, and the animal being killed, the ring was found in its stomach, after two years.

If Voltaire were alive, would he not have liked this story for a tale?

Pronunciations in this Paper

Antares	An-ta-reez
Diderot	Deed-ro
Epsilon	Ep-si-lon
Freud	Froyd
Mantua	Man-tu-ah
Messina	Mes-see-nah
Michélot	Meesh-lo
Sippara	Sip-pah-rah

AN OLD TOWER GOES To Build New Cottages LINCOLN LOSES A NORMAN MONUMENT

Fifty or sixty years ago, when people who had not had votes were being allowed votes, and were supposed to be ignorant and easily persuaded, it was a common trick at election times to say a candidate for Parliament wished to pull down the churches to pave the roads.

Probably no candidate ever advocated such a foolish thing; but hundreds of public men have been wrongfully accused of it, in the hope that they would be regarded as violent and unworthy of confidence; for most of us have a natural reverence for what is old and venerable.

Now something not unlike the old falsehood about the churches and the roads is coming true at Lincoln. The old tower of St. Martin's Church, which dates back to the Norman period and is as old as the oldest part of the noble cathedral, is being pulled down so that its masonry may be carted away to be used for building cottages.

Everyone will have a sense of sadness that this vestige of the past should be destroyed, but the need for cottages is great, and the ruined masonry has no further use where it stands, so we must sigh and submit.

The old church, which was used for worship while the original cathedral was being built in the eleventh century, has been replaced by a comparatively modern church.

PAPER BUTTERFLIES

New Idea in Picture Postcards

A clever set of coloured picture postcards for nature students has just been issued (and will be sent on application) by Messrs. Turner & Wainwright of Leeds, makers of Turnwright's toffee.

Two-thirds of each postcard is given up to a picture representing the body of a bird or butterfly, and on the other part of the card are the wings, with a tail in the case of a bird. These can be cut out and inserted in slits marked on the body, and a very life-like representation of the creature is produced, with the wings standing out in relief.

It is an ingenious idea, and boys and girls who make up these models will get a good deal of amusement and instruction out of them.

RUNNING A SHIP ON NOTHING

How it is Done

In these days of the high cost of fuel, whether oil or coal, it is surprising to hear of a ship that actually obtains its fuel for nothing.

Such is the case with the steamship Buenos Aires, a ship running between San Francisco, in America, and Stockholm, in Sweden.

At San Francisco £7500 is paid for 1500 tons of oil, most of which is stored in the double bottom of the Buenos Aires, hardly interfering with her cargo-carrying capacity.

On arriving at Stockholm 800 tons of the oil is sold for £8000, the ship having made the journey on oil from the original stock, retaining enough to take her back, and having a profit of £500 in hand.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Two Chippendale suites	£7087
Suit of 16th century armour	£3150
Two copies of Pilgrim's Progress	£2500
A Louis XVI cabinet	£2310
Picture by Rubens	£1365
Pair of old English cabinets	£1365
Portrait by Hoppner	£1102
Picture by Greuze	£1050
A 16th century arquebus	£672
A Louis XV inlaid cabinet	£630
An old English shield	£567
Cottage and garden at Ashford	£30

COUNTING MILLIONS

BIGGEST SUM OF MONEY EVER SEEN TOGETHER

Fastest Counter in the World at Work for a Month

\$240,000,000 IN ONE ROOM

The largest sum of money ever gathered in one room is being counted now, and the task is expected to take four men a month.

The enormous sum of £240,000,000, represented by bars of gold, coins, and certificates, is assembled in a single room at the United States Assay Office in New York, and, as a change of superintendents is taking place, this great sum must be checked.

The money is being counted piece by piece and note by note by four men said to be the fastest counters in the world. The speed with which they can go through a packet of paper certificates and count them individually is amazing, but, of course, for the counting of bar gold and coins various devices are used.

Bars of gold are weighed, and this is the easiest part of the work, but for the counting of gold coins different methods are adopted.

The Lawyer and the Scales

One method is to weigh the coins in a very fine balance, and so delicate is the apparatus that a famous English lawyer once said, when he saw one at work, "I should not like to have my actions weighed in such a pair of scales as that."

Weights are prepared representing fifty coins, a hundred, two hundred, and so on, and for new coins the plan is perfectly accurate; but where many of the coins are worn a mistake of hundreds of pounds may be made on a large quantity owing to their lightness.

To overcome this difficulty the method of duplication is followed. A given number of coins, say, a hundred, is counted into one pan of the scales, and then sufficient are put into the other pan to balance. In this way the worn coins, being more or less equally distributed, balance one another. The only limit to the rapidity of this method of counting is that the delicate scales cannot be made large enough to take a great weight.

The most accurate method of counting coins is that in which counting boards are used, a plan that has been followed in the East for hundreds of years.

How to Count Money Quickly

The counting board is a flat tray with several hundred depressions arranged in regular order, and these are of such a size that one coin will fit into each depression. Handfuls of coins are thrown on the board and shaken about until every hole has a coin in it. The coins in excess are removed, and as the number of holes on the board is known the number of coins will also be known. Experts can thus count a very large quantity of money in a very short time.

When the coins have been counted they are usually packed up in bags containing a uniform number, and this tying up of the coins is quite an art in itself. The neck of the bag must not be tied too closely, a little space being left between the string and the gold. Sometimes two bags are used for safety, the one enveloping the other.

The Big Count

A story was published some years ago about a man who was promised a million sovereigns if, in counting them, he would pick them up one by one from one pile and put them down in another pile, without stopping for rest or sleep.

He readily undertook the task, and regarded the million as already his; but after a time he had to renounce the fortune in order to save himself from going mad. He had not realised that to count a million sovereigns in this way, and to handle them at the rapid rate of one a second, would occupy nearly twelve days and twelve nights without a moment's pause for rest or sleep.

A WISE MAN'S QUERIES

What Mr. Edison Thinks You Ought to Know

FIFTY TEST QUESTIONS FOR EVERYBODY

Mr. Edison has been setting a long list of questions which he considers a test of general knowledge for Americans.

Many of the questions are of purely American interest, but we give here fifty of more general interest that show what Mr. Edison thinks we ought to know.

How many of these can you answer readily or find the answer to quickly?

- What countries bound France?
- What city and country produce the finest china?
- What is the finest cotton grown?
- Who was Cleopatra? How did she die?
- What country produces most wool?
- What cereal is used all over the world?
- Name three powerful poisons.
- Who discovered the X-ray?
- What is the weight of air in a room 20 by 30 by 10?
- Where, besides Australia, are kangaroos?
- Who was Bessemer? What did he do?
- Who was Paul Revere?
- Who was John Hancock?
- Who was Plutarch?
- Who was Hannibal?
- Who was Solor?
- What is the highest rise of tide on the North Atlantic coast?
- What and where is the Sargasso Sea?
- What is the greatest depth of ocean?
- Name a large inland body of water with no outlet.
- What is the capital of Pennsylvania?
- How far is New York from Liverpool?
- Of what State is Tallahassee capital?
- Name a famous violin-maker.
- Who invented type-setting machines?
- Who invented printing?
- How is leather tanned?
- What is artificial silk made from?
- What is a caisson?
- What causes the tides?
- What is coke?
- From where do we get dates?
- What is the world's longest railroad?
- What is the speed of sound?
- What is a foot-pound?
- What large American river flows from south to north?
- What are the Straits of Messina?
- What is the world's highest mountain?
- What is the Taj Mahal?
- Who wrote Home, Sweet Home?
- What place is the greatest distance below sea-level?
- Why is a thermometer called Fahrenheit?
- What insect carries malaria?
- Who discovered the Pacific Ocean?
- Where does it never rain?
- What are violin strings made of?
- What is the heaviest kind of wood?
- What is the lightest wood?
- What is vulcanite, and how made?
- What is glass made of?

Bright C.N. readers will perhaps make up the list of answers. Our answers will appear in next week's C.N.

TIM AND DANDY

Pussy Invited to the Feast

From Sussex comes a pretty instance of animal courtesy.

Our little Yorkshire terrier Dandy is on great terms with our Persian cat Tim, about three times his size.

Dandy will sleep in his basket in the hall through the evening meal, but as soon as the bell rings for the maid to clear away he rushes to the kitchen for the scraps that will be brought out.

But, however hungry he is, he will not touch them unless the cat shares with him. If Tim should not be in he will run to the scullery door and back to the cook again and again, till she opens the door and calls puss.

Then Dandy will run to the plate and back to the cat, as if to invite him to supper. He will not eat a bit first.

STORES OF NEW POWER

USING THE EARTH AS A RESERVOIR OF ENERGY

Rumanian Engineer's Great Idea

WELLS OF AIR BENEATH OUR FEET

A great difficulty in the way of using such power as the tides, the wind, and the sunshine has always been the storing up of the excess energy produced at one time for use at other times when these sources of power are not available.

Wind, sea, and sunshine are all irregular, for the wind is not always blowing, the sun is not always shining on the same place, and the tides occur only twice a day. It is necessary, therefore, if these powers are to be used, that a certain amount of the energy produced shall be stored up for use when the forces that produce it are not at work.

But how and where is the energy to be stored? That has long puzzled engineers. Electric accumulators and other appliances that have been suggested are far too costly to pay.

Stored for Thousands of Years

A Rumanian engineer, Mr. A. Beldimano, has now made an interesting suggestion which may solve the whole problem. He suggests that the power should be stored up in the form of compressed air, not in reservoirs built by man, but in holes in the earth, deep underground.

Clay strata are not only waterproof, but gas-tight as well. This is proved by the fact that gasses under very great pressure have been held imprisoned by the clay for thousands of years, and only released when men tapped the reservoirs by sinking shafts or wells.

Mr. Beldimano's ingenious scheme is to drill deep artesian wells in places where water is known to lie over a thick clay stratum, and to drive the compressed air into the well. The enormous natural reservoir of water below the well would then be pumped dry, and the air would replace the water in the pores of the sand where it lies.

Coal Mines as Gas Holders

In this way a cheap and absolutely air-tight container would be provided, and any amount of energy could be stored up for use as required. It would be distributed to factories, electrical power stations, and other centres by pipe-lines, and could also be supplied for use in motor-cars and on railways.

That the plan is not a mere theory is shown by the fact that in Germany disused colliery workings, lined with clay, have already been thus used.

But how is the compressed air to be produced cheaply and effectively? Mr. Beldimano suggests that the tides should be used for this purpose in a new way.

He would anchor large pontoons in the sea at a little distance from the shore, and would instal in them a simple form of air-compressor that would be worked by the varying tension on the mooring lines as the pontoons were moved up and down by the waves.

No Workmen Needed

The compressed air would be conveyed from the pontoons by pipe-lines to the artesian wells and stored in the earth.

This plan would require no expensive piers or dams or buildings, and the pontoons would not even want men to work them. An occasional inspection two or three times a year would be sufficient.

They could be built cheaply by any shipbuilding yard, and would be anchored in the same way as a lightship. At any place the scheme could be started in quite a small way, and added to from time to time as required.

It sounds plausible and practicable; and the suggestion is receiving a great deal of close attention just now in the engineering world.

THE KINDLY CZECHS

Simple Folk and Their Animal Friends

DAILY SIGHTS IN THE STREETS OF PRAGUE

We have received a very beautiful letter written from Prague in praise of the kindness of the Czechs, a letter that will warm the hearts of all lovers of animals.

Perhaps less than anywhere in the world is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals needed in Prague. Kindness to bird and beast seems to be instinctive among the Czechs.

Your gardener tells the children not to kill a worm. "It won't hurt you," he says, and probably adds, in two or three languages, which he learns so easily, "Good, good!" and he hopes the children understand that the worm should be let alone. Goats and hens walk quite at their ease, when they choose, in the streets of the city.

When a carter lays a sack under the head of a fallen horse, it is not only because he knows that the animal will more easily raise himself with a surer foothold, but because he has learned that gentleness is the most powerful force.

Man Who Loves the Birds

The oxen drawing the carts, as you see them sometimes in the streets, have a pleasant look of interest in what is going on about them. Their heads are not bowed beneath a board, but can turn at will, and their limbs move easily.

All the people of Prague love birds. The caretaker in the Kinsky Garden calls the birds as he holds out a little matchbox containing seeds for his favourites to help themselves. He whistles and talks to them, and the tramway man, sitting on his box, scatters crumbs for his little friends. The innumerable bird-shelters also prove the love of birds.

The birds of the air are not the only interesting ones. One of the most curious sights of Prague is the geese. Geese are bred here in vast numbers. You may see them on a farm, a sea of white feathers and necks stretching upward for the meal at sunset—thousands of them it seems—and their voices are like the voice of the corn-crake at midnight, remote, insistent, and unnatural, because it is so nearly human.

Boots for the Geese

Away in the country are great farms where they must provide whole colonies of geese with tar boots before they start on a journey of perhaps days across country. But in cottages where they have only one or two the goose is a member of the family, and is carried in the arms. It is not carried upside down with the feet tied together, or thrown in a corner until it is wanted, but it is carried like a baby.

What really proves conclusively that the people of Prague are good to animals is that they are never ashamed of it. An action which in some countries would be considered foolish or strange seems perfectly natural here. A woman will carry a rather ragged cock along the street, with his refreshment in a mug.

The World Looks on

The old woman who has saved her scanty crumbs or a bit of greenstuff and brought them out to throw to some cocks and hens she knows, two streets away, is not conscious of the world looking on.

The peasant, in her garish Slovak dress, bringing in her goose from the country, and the woman hurrying out from a dark archway with her snow-white bird fondled in her arms, are equally gentle in their way of handling the geese. The geese in porcelain are better fashioned than the other birds. Pictures often represent geese, members of the snowy army which constitutes so much of the country's wealth.

WILD ADVENTURES IN TOWN

PETS THAT GO ASTRAY
Poet and His Queer Menagerie
at Chelsea

THE ROAMING RACCOON

By Our Natural Historian

Every boy who keeps a pet will find his heart stirred by the adventures of a West African genet in London, a civet-like animal that preys on small mammals, birds, and eggs.

His adopted home is at Hampstead, but, a window being left open in the drawing-room during a hot night, this night-walking animal crept out, wandered abroad for a day or two, and was found napping in a conservatory, where he was captured and taken to the Zoo. There the lady to whom he belongs found him and claimed him.

His joy was intense. He climbed to the lady's shoulder, rewarded her with cat-like caresses, and, as a special mark of favour, twisted his handsome tail like a fur boa round her neck. Then he went home with her to the house from which he had strayed and returned to the hole he has made in the back of the piano.

Monkeys at the Abbey

That is the way of these creatures of the wilds. They become marvellously tame, but only on their own terms; they like to choose their own cradles.

There was a famous operatic singer who had a pet opossum which, when the great man was away at night, would creep out and come to the rooms of the writer. There was a snake belonging to the late Sir Henry Thompson, which sallied out and appeared beneath a drawing-room couch at a neighbour's house. There were Frank Buckland's monkeys, that went everywhere but where they should have gone, including the roof of Westminster Abbey.

Some Strange Adventures

Above all, for strange journeys and startling adventures, there were the raids of the pets kept by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The poet did not understand animals; he simply collected them as he collected china, with the result that, whereas the china remained where he put it, the pets appeared where neither he nor anybody else ever expected to find them.

Rossetti was living at this time in Chelsea, and the artist's neighbours suddenly found their garden soil thrown up into miniature mountains, as if worms had grown gigantic and mad. It was the work of Rossetti's armadillos, escaped from his garden.

Then stealthy sounds were heard in chimneys, and in the morning hen-roosts were found to have been robbed of their eggs. It was the work of Rossetti's pet raccoon.

Queer Sounds in an Artist's House

Queer sounds were heard in the artist's own house at night; poems in manuscript disappeared, to be found in shreds in the bottom drawer of an old bureau, and again it was all the work of the roaming coon.

There never was such a menagerie at home as Rossetti's; never another so mismanaged. He had two kangaroos, and one killed its fellow and was itself despatched. There were a peacock and a deer, and the deer trampled on the gorgeous tail of the bird until it stamped all its feathers out; and the bird made such outcries that to this day there is a clause in all leases granted to his Chelsea tenants by Lord Cadogan forbidding any of them ever to keep peacocks.

Pets are among the joys of life, but we should not keep them unless we understand them and use them well.

MOTHER MICHELOT'S IDEA

The Precious Cabinet in
Her Little House

HOW SHE KEEPS THE TRAVELLERS AWAY

By Our Paris Correspondent

Motor-cars travelling by the sea in Normandy frequently pass through a very pretty little village, lucky enough to be at a point where tourists find it easy to supply themselves with fresh provisions. They usually lunch at the hotel, have a little stroll while waiting for the car, and peep in at the modest windows along the road.

Generally they arrive at Mother Michelot's house and stop there, surprised to discover a beautiful Louis XV cabinet, ornamented with pure bronze and fine inlay work.

You will guess what follows. The smart lady admires the cabinet, the gentleman takes out his eye-glass, and all of them begin to ask Mother Michelot, visible behind the geranium in the window, where she is knitting, whether the cabinet might be sold, and at what price?

But Mother Michelot is grumpy. "Did I ask you anything?" she said. "Did I put a notice on the door? No; it is not to be sold, neither for silver nor for gold."

Painting the Cabinet

Mother Michelot inherited this precious cabinet from ancestors, you see, and she is proud of keeping the luxurious furniture in spite of tempting offers. Yet every day people would continue to come down her road, stop at her house, and bother her with offers for this rare thing!

However, the good old woman became tired at last of everlasting comedy. She thought of moving the cabinet, but her house is small, and, besides, this was the best place for it. What could she possibly do?

Well, Mother Michelot must have found an idea at last, for she was seen the other day much busier than usual, and the next morning travellers passed on without stopping at her door, for the cabinet did not attract their gaze.

Why? Simply because Mother Michelot had bought at the grocer's a pot of brown paint and a brush, and had painted the precious cabinet to match the brown paper on the wall!

Now travellers through Normandy leave her alone.

NATURAL POWER IN THE HOLY LAND

Oil and Water Fuel

THE DESTRUCTION OF A CITY

The water-power station it is proposed to set up on the lower part of the River Jordan will generate a hundred thousand horse-power. The water-power existing today in the Holy Land is more than a million horse-power, and great efforts are to be made to use it in order to open up new land by irrigation.

There are also considerable quantities of oil and bitumen in Palestine, chiefly around the tomb of Moses and near the Dead Sea, and experts are engaged on the problem of mining this oil to provide fuel for the Western countries.

The bitumen in the limestone round the neighbourhood of the Tomb of Moses is used as fuel by the pilgrims on their annual visits. There have been convulsions of the earth, liberating huge floods of oil, in the region of Sodom; and a British expert who has recently visited the oil-bearing districts of the Holy Land thinks that one of these floods of petroleum, or an outburst of natural gas caused by an earthquake, must have brought about the burning and destruction of the ill-fated city.

SCIENCE CALLS ON THE SCHOOLS

Who Will Help the
Government Farm?

FINE WORK FOR US ALL

The enterprising Welsh Department of the Board of Education has already enlisted the services of the school children of Wales in preparing a magnificent series of country maps, and now the famous scientific farm at Rothamsted, in Hertfordshire, is asking for help in the schools.

Rothamsted is the great agricultural laboratory of England, a Government institution where important experiments relating to the growth of crops are carried out, and where scientists wrestle with the problem of utilising natural forces to our best advantage.

Those in charge of this great work are now finding themselves handicapped by a lack of precise knowledge as to the varying conditions of the soil in different parts of the country, and they have therefore applied to the Science Masters' Association for assistance. Belonging to this association are the science masters in nearly every school in the country, and to each of these masters particulars of the kind of information wanted has been sent.

A Good Chance for Nature Lovers

It is suggested that the natural history and other clubs which are to be found in most of our large schools should take up this work, and thus render great service to the country as a whole.

Among other things they ask for particulars as to the sort of weeds found and the conditions under which they grow, such as the type of soil, and the relation between the weeds growing and the crops that have been grown.

These details could well be furnished by those interested in natural history; for those interested in chemistry there is the task of determining the quantities of nitrogen and carbonate in the soil, while physicists can help by reporting on its texture and moisture.

There is plenty of work for all, and it is up to our schools to prove that they can do it. We feel sure that they will, and that ere long their help will be sought in other directions.

POEMS OF HUMANITY

The Great Kinship of Life

A book that will find its way into thousands of C.N. homes has been edited by Mr. Bertram Lloyd and published by Allen & Unwin. It is called "The Great Kinship," and is a rare little collection of humanitarian poetry.

There are poems in three groups—those inculcating a sense of justice to animals, those fostering humane feeling, and those stirring within us a realisation of the universal kinship of living beings.

Everybody will be glad that Messrs. Macmillan allowed the publishers to include these four verses of our greatest living writer, Thomas Hardy:

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through,
The wagtail showed no shrinking.
A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared:
The wagtail, in a winking
With terror rose and disappeared;
The baby fell a-thinking.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

THE TRAGIC QUEEN

Writer of Breezy Sea Songs

CHAMPION OF THE SLAVES

July 24. Mary Queen of Scots abdicated . . . 1567
25. Charles Dibdin died in London 1814
26. Battle of Banbury 1469
27. Battle of Killiecrankie 1689
28. Abraham Cowley died at Chertsey . . . 1637
29. William Wilberforce died in London . . 1833
30. Diderot died in Paris 1784

Mary Queen of Scots

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS is a striking instance of a worthless woman on whom much sentimental sympathy has been lavished because she was beautiful, badly brought up, and beheaded. These three facts hide from many the truth that she was selfish, cruel, and treacherous.

Mary was born heiress to both the Scottish and English thrones. In infancy she was betrothed to the heir to the French throne, and before she was six years old was sent to France to be educated with the French royal children. Before she was sixteen she was married, in a little over a year was queen of France, and before she was eighteen was a widow.

When she returned to Scotland she found the country Protestant, under the influence of John Knox.

Mary cared nothing for Scotland or England, and did not even speak their languages. What she meant to do was to have her own way and seek her own pleasures in the spirit of the corrupt French court. This led to two of her court favourites being murdered; to her marriage, against all advice, to her cousin Darnley; to his murder; and to her marriage to the murderer.

Then Scotland had had enough of her, and she fled to England, where she was imprisoned for 19 years by Elizabeth, years spent in planning the overthrow of Elizabeth. When her knowledge of these plots was proved she was beheaded.

Charles Dibdin

CHARLES DIBDIN is remembered only as the composer of the song "Tom Bowling," but he wrote nearly a hundred other sea songs, and about 1,400 songs altogether. He was pensioned by the State because his songs had kept up the spirits of sea-going men during the long maritime wars with France.

Born at Southampton, Dibdin became a choir boy at Winchester, but in his teens settled in London. Almost from childhood he was popular as a singer, song writer, and musical composer, and in his later years toured the country as an entertainer, with musical sketches which he wrote, played, sang, and acted.

Dibdin is an instance of enormous literary and musical productivity that satisfied temporary popular taste, and then vanished.

William Wilberforce

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was one of the pure-minded, wholly unselfish Englishmen who have left in history a name that will always be honoured.

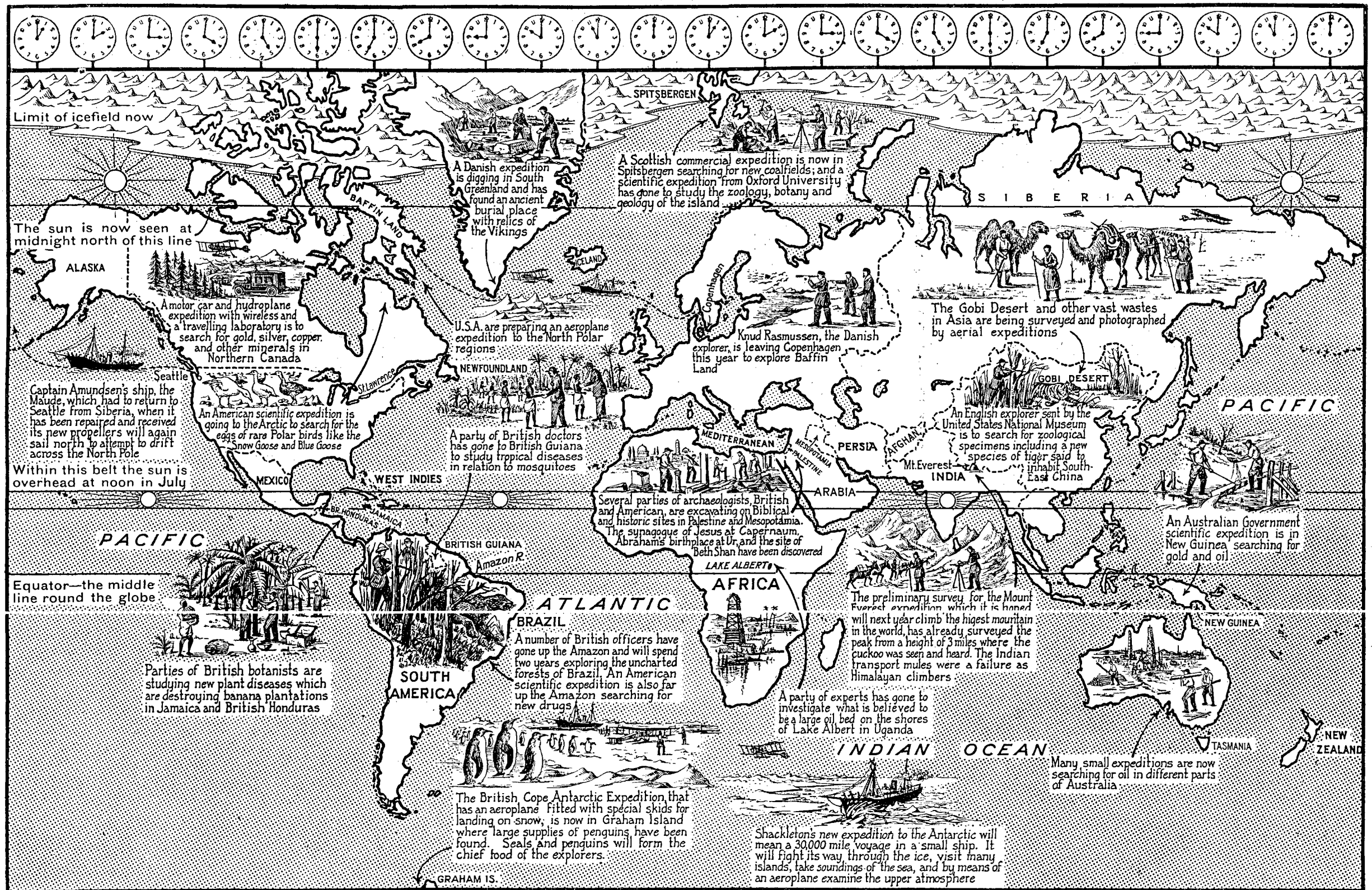
The son of a wealthy Hull merchant, he represented Hull in Parliament when he was quite a young man, and afterwards Yorkshire. Though all his life he was of a bright and joyous disposition; his personal piety was strong and deep, and he saw the need for devotion to some good and lofty purpose. So he took for his aim the abolition of the slave trade.

For 19 years he argued in Parliament that the trade should be made illegal, and in 1807 he succeeded.

The next step was to set free in the British Empire the men, who had already been enslaved; and Wilberforce lived to see the Second Reading of the Bill which freed all slaves in British dominions.

Many good objects had the faithful support of this thoughtful and humane man; but the overthrow of slavery was the triumph that gave him an honoured place in Westminster Abbey.

C.N. PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EXPEDITIONS AND EXPLORATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD



The age of exploration has not yet passed, for expeditions are at work in all parts of the world, or are preparing to set out north and south, east and west, to make new discoveries and scientific investigations, to find unknown plants and animals, or to search for gold and oil and other resources useful for commerce and industry. Much of the world still remains unknown, but expeditions like those of Amundsen in the Arctic and Shackleton in the Antarctic will give us valuable information about places that man has not yet reached. This map shows some of the more important expeditions already at work or in preparation.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 23 1921

The Fire-Box

THERE was, not very long ago, a wise man who came from the East to London.

He went about clothed in a long yellow robe; and when people gathered to hear him speak he used many parables. Here is the parable he used to tell of the Fire-Box.

In North India the weather is very cold, and travellers keep themselves warm by carrying about a small vessel with burning coal in it, wrapped up in a cloth.

Three men were one day travelling to a sacred place. Each had his fire-box; but one night, as the pilgrims stayed to rest, they found other men travelling without anything to warm them. At this one of the three took his box, unwrapped it, took the fire out of the vessel, and with it lit a fire that kept all the company warm.

So the band of pilgrims set out upon their journey. But the next night they had to walk in the dark, and in those mountainous regions it is not safe to be without a light, for at any moment the traveller might come to the edge of a precipice. It was then that the second traveller unwrapped his fire-box and took out the fire, and with it lit a torch, by the light of which all the pilgrims moved safely through the night.

But the third man of the party mocked at them, and said, "You are fools. You have wasted your fire for the sake of others." "Show us your fire," said they to him; and when he broke open his vessel there was no fire, but only ashes and coal.

One traveller had given warmth to others; another had given light; but the third, in keeping his fire to himself, had lost it altogether.

Now, this is a very old truth; but somehow all the old truths we have to discover afresh for ourselves. It was a truth told by a brave man who spent many years of his life in prison for the sake of others.

A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he gave away the more he had.

That was the opinion of honest John Bunyan, who not only wrote out of great wealth of varied personal experience, but also added the gift of noble imagination to the graces of a noble and Christian heart.

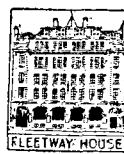
If we cling selfishly to things we lose them, and we lose the joy of giving, too. Do you remember the words written over the grave of a knight in olden times?

What I spent I had
What I kept I lost
What I gave I have



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Trouble

THE whole British world is glad the miners are at work again, but one sad thing we note about the settlement. *Kent was against the peace.*

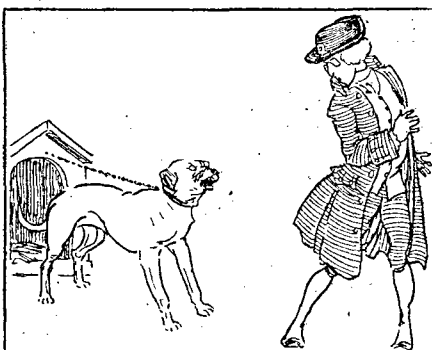
We always thought something would happen when coal was found in Kent, and the Miners' Federation should take warning in time.

In and Out

AMERICA is out of the war at last. As far as our Arithmetic Boy has been able to make out, it took her 2 years 8 months and 2 days to come into the war, and 2 years 7 months and 27 days to get out.

So that it is just about as easy to get out of a war as it is to get into it.

Proverb of the Day



To D.O.R.A.
who will not let us buy chocolates after 8 p.m.
A mastiff grows fiercer for being tied up

£50,000 a Minute

THE C.N. has not had very much room to spare for the prize-fight which attracted ninety thousand people in America, but it seems worth while recalling that, whereas a Roman warrior in ancient days was awarded a crown of laurel costing twopence, the warrior of today may carry off as much as sixty thousand pounds. It seems worth while reminding ourselves, too, that the winner of this fight could easily have sent Napoleon spinning across the arena.

The fact is that a fight like this proves nothing worth proving, and is purely a commercial business.

The saddest thing of all, it seems to us, is that it was possible for three men to raise a fortune of £250,000 between them for a fight lasting ten minutes, and that the money spent must have equalled £50,000 for each minute.

We wonder what would have happened if somebody had called for £50,000 a minute to stop consumption, or cure cancer, or, say, to save the London Hospital.

Not Real

WE must all be careful nowadays. A woman has just given a few coppers to a man asking alms in the street, only to find that the man was being well paid to act for a film. It is always well to know whether we are in the real world or the film world.

Gipsy Wisdom

HERE is a verse from a language which will be strange to almost all our readers:

If folke kek gins bute
Ma sal at lende,
For sore mush gins chomany
That tute kek gins.

It is a Romany proverb which a great musician has lately quoted in a speech. He said it was the only piece of Romany he knew. Now, Romany is the language of the Gipsies; and this is what the verse means:

If people do not know much, do not laugh at them, for every one of them knows something that you do not.

Probably there is nobody we could meet on a journey round the world who could not tell us something interesting that we do not know.

Tip-Cat

DEAN INGE has met "little-known men who are head and shoulders above the most successful." In high society, no doubt.

CLOSE time for charity: Greenwich mean time.

DR. MACNAMARA is assuming that things will improve. Perhaps because the time has come when they can't do anything else.

ALWAYS doing "over" time: Cricketers.

THE latest thing in clothes is made from the combings of Pekinese pets. Well, we're leading a dog's life, anyhow.

A LONDONER writes that "neighbours in London are an accident." But that is only when they are always running in to one another.

SIR JAMES CANTLIE has no patience with men who call themselves old at forty. He thinks they should have more fortitude.

"If we don't work and save," Lord Inchcape thinks, "we shall lose the peace." Never mind; it's only a little peace, anyhow.

Society Notes

There was a quaint little incident when the Society Birds appeared in the Park the other afternoon.

Willie Muftie, smoking Common Shag, was not very well groomed, and when the Screech Owl asked him "Why don't you buy a Razorbill?" he replied "Why, you Noddy, I have one."

However, things settled down nicely, and the guests were very Chattie. Every lady became a Chatterer and every gentleman a Babbler.

Poems of Peter Puck

Making It Up

WITH what relief we heard the news!

No longer are they foes;
They meet, shake hands, and both refuse

To pull the other's nose.
Each one declares it is not right
For grown-up Christian folks to fight.

BUT will it last? Forgive me if
Across my mind there flits
A doubt that still another tiff
May scatter both their wits.
'Tis true enough *this* quarrel ends,
But are the parties really friends?

I do not note in either face
A smile of true affection,
Nor in their language feel a grace
That's worth true love's inspection.

The fight is off, the storm is gone;
But—when's the next one coming on?

O FOR a Peace so deep, so strong,
That it would last a whole day long!

The Beach Inspector

By Our Country Girl

COMPARED with Brighton or Eastbourne our seaside town is still a baby. As yet we have no mayor, no bandstand, no promenade. But we have a beach inspector.

He wears a blue and gold uniform, something between a railway guard's and a Japanese admiral's. He paces up and down, blowing out a white walrus moustache and staring into nothingness. No one has the least idea what he is for.

Once, however, he was put to the test. Something happened. As he promenaded the beach two boys came running up to him with their eyes almost out of their heads.

"Mister!" they screamed—"Mister, a woman's washed up by the Hammer Rocks."

People say he actually trotted to the scene of the disaster. When he got round the point he found two little girls and a nursemaid washing up their picnic mugs!

I believe that he disagrees with the old saying that children's voices are the music of the world.

A Prayer for Peace and Light

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take
from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should
always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord,
I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and
though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

TRANSFORMING AUSTRALIA YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Motors and Aeroplanes in the Lonely Bushland

PIONEER AND HIS DESCENDANTS

From an Australian Correspondent

Little more than 125 years have passed since the first white settlement was made in Australia; yet in so short a space of time in the life of a nation the pioneers, the men who blazed the trail, have already carved the name of Australia high in the portals of destiny.

Many and varied have been the pursuits of these Australian pioneers, and unconquerable the spirit they displayed in laying deep and strong the foundations of a new Britain beyond the seas; but none of their achievements surpass their conquest of the old problem of settlement—of establishing themselves and their families in the lonely spaces of the Australian bush, and stocking their farms with sheep and cattle brought across 12,000 miles of ocean, resisting the ravages of drought, fire, and flood, and reclaiming plain and forest for future generations.

Station Life in the Old Days

Some idea of the perils and hardship they had to face, and of the difficulties they had to overcome, may be gathered by comparing station life in Australia as it was in their time with what it is today, when the coming of the steam engine, the electric telegraph, the telephone, the motor-car, and the aeroplane are transforming the face of Australia.

In the days before all these inventions the lot of the settler was a continual fight with Nature; not only had he to be ever on the alert against treacherous attacks by uncivilised natives, but he had also to condemn himself and his family to a life of solitude; to send his children to school meant separation, for schools were few and far apart; to ride out from the homestead to the outstation to consult the overseer meant sometimes a journey of two or three days; when the doctor was needed a similar journey had to be made, and precious time was necessarily lost in making it.

A Journey of Months

A trip to the nearest town often meant a whole day in a buggy, while a journey of inspection to the outlying portions of his sheep or cattle run took weeks and sometimes months.

Compare, with the lot of this pioneer, the lot of his descendants now. The telephone makes a journey to the outstations unnecessary; instructions can be given from an armchair in a few minutes; the doctor can be called up, and the old two-days' trip with buggy and pair is dispensed with. The children are sent to school hundreds of miles away, yet are never really out of touch with home.

Inspection by Aeroplane

Sheep and cattle, perhaps five hundred miles distant, can be inspected—and today are actually being inspected, for the practice is a common one—by aeroplane, so that business which once took a fortnight to transact is now transacted in a few hours.

Yet, though the old order has changed, it has not wholly changed. Bullock teams with their drivers, the stockman on his horse, the shearer, the jackeroo—men who have made Australia one of the world's greatest storehouses and granaries for the clothing and feeding of millions of people in Europe, Asia, and America—are still to be seen; the motor, the telephone, the aeroplane have not altogether abolished them.

It will be a sad day for Australia when they go, for half the charm and zest of the bush, and most of its picturesqueness, will go with them.

CHANGING YOUR COLOUR BY THE SEA

It has often been noted at the seaside that while some people turn very brown under the influence of the sun, others merely get red and have blistered skins that cause them a good deal of discomfort and pain.

The reason for the difference is very interesting, and is due to bodily difference in the two classes of holiday-makers. In those who blister and peel the sun acts as a destroyer of tissue, and kills certain cells of the skin, with the result that a good deal of pain and inflammation is very quickly set up.

On the other hand, the people who turn brown have bodies which react to the sunlight. Cells with dark pigment, acting as a protection, come to the surface of the skin, and the tissue underneath is thus saved from the painful effects that are so marked in the other class of people.

The tanned people have in some way inherited characteristics that enable them to get used rapidly to bright sunlight; they are able to adapt themselves to their environment, while the blistered people have no such natural ability.

TINY SHIP SAILS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC



This tiny sailing vessel, only 50 feet long, or a quarter less than Columbus's ship, is now on its way across the Atlantic from America to England. It is named the Diablosse, and is commanded by its intrepid owner, Mr. J. B. Kelly, who has the good wishes of all C.N. readers

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Nigeria has now a population of 17 millions, and is as big as the whole of Germany and half of France.

A walnut tree at Minster, in Thanet, measures 11 feet round, and the branches spread over a quarter of an acre.

No Excuse

A beggar excused himself for begging with 9s. on him by saying he was keeping the 9s. for a rainy day. The magistrate: "This is a rainy day. Pay 5s."

Stowe House

Stowe House, an ancient mansion near Buckingham, whose treasures have lately been sold by auction, has been bought for £50,000, and is to be presented to the nation.

The Prince Goes to Henley

In the C.N. on May 21 we invited the Prince of Wales to go to Henley. We are delighted to say that the Prince was present at the great river festival and had a glorious day.

Hen That Knows Its Name

A Yorkshire reader tells how, when she feeds the hens, one of them, if called by her name, Golden Star, will leave the rest and feed from our reader's hand, while all the rest take no notice.

Under the League of Nations it is now prohibited to manufacture or transport war material in or through Danzig.

There are now 370,000 motor cycles in the United Kingdom. An increase of nearly 100,000 on last year. In addition, there are 226,000 private cars and taxis.

Best Life in the World

"I do not know why anyone should object to the oldest, most comfortable, and most excellent occupation in the world," said one of our judges the other day. He meant domestic service.

Soldiers and Sailors

It has been discovered by a foreign government that the daily ration required for sailors is half as much again as for soldiers. For life on sea better and more varied food is necessary than on land.

Reward for a Clever Dog

The Canine Society has awarded its highest honour for intelligence in saving life to Spot, the smooth-haired terrier belonging to Mr. Peach of Leicester. This clever dog gave warning that the house in which eight people were sleeping was on fire, and all were saved, as described in last week's C.N.

MESSANGER FROM SPACE

FRAGMENT OF A WORLD HITS SHREWSBURY

Doctor's Great Surprise in a Garden

WHAT PEARY FOUND IN GREENLAND

A doctor at the Shropshire County Asylum in Shrewsbury was sitting in the grounds of the institution the other evening when he heard a hissing sound followed by a loud thud, and an object whirling through the air struck a tree close by him.

He found the object to be a stone about the size of a large potato, and discovered that it was hot and very light in weight, like pumicestone. It was a meteorite that had struck the earth, luckily missing the doctor; and this interesting messenger from space now lies in the Shrewsbury Museum.

Twenty Million Meteors a Day

It is by no means the first meteorite that has landed in England, but such occurrences are comparatively rare, and this is a good thing for all of us, for, according to the latest scientific estimates, about twenty million meteors enter our atmosphere every 24 hours. The vast majority, however, are burnt up in the air before reaching solid earth.

Some do strike the earth, nevertheless, and quite a number are recorded in the British Isles. On September 13, 1902, a meteorite weighing ten pounds fell at Crumlin, in County Antrim, but this was small compared with one that fell at Wold Cottage, Yorkshire, on December 13, 1795. It weighed half a hundredweight, and came with a hissing sound and an explosive bang, shaking the ground for a great distance round when it struck.

An Aerolite of 37 Tons

Meteorites of far greater weight have fallen on the Continent of Europe and in America. The Caille aerolite now in the Paris Museum, which fell on the Maritime Alps, weighs over 12 hundredweights. One which landed at Santa Rosa in New Granada in 1810 weighed nearly 15 hundredweights, and another at Charcas in Mexico weighed over three-quarters of a ton.

But all these messengers from space fall before the enormous meteorites found in Greenland. One composed of almost pure iron was found by Norden-skjold at Ovifak in 1870, and weighed close on 25 tons. Another similar meteorite found by Peary in 1894 and taken to Brooklyn was nearly four yards long, and weighed 37 tons.

Such boulders, if they struck St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament, would wreck those buildings in an instant.

Ships that Disappear

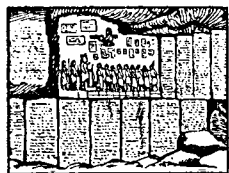
Meteorite and aerolite are two names for the same thing, and both are used to describe a meteor that has actually fallen to the earth. Meteors are really the condensed fragments of an old comet that wander in a path round the sun, and when our earth encounters a swarm of these fragments a meteoric shower, often wrongly described as a display of shooting stars, is produced.

As already explained, most meteors are burnt up in the earth's atmosphere, but some, like that which fell at Shrewsbury, actually reach the earth.

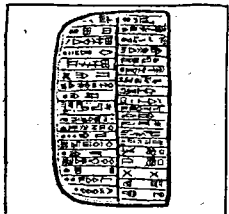
It has been suggested that meteorites falling on the sea may account for some of the ocean mysteries that have never been solved, the ships probably being struck by meteorites and sent to the bottom with all their crews.

It is certainly fortunate for the Shrewsbury doctor that he was not sitting on the spot struck by the meteorite, for even a small stone coming through the air at the terrific pace of a meteorite would kill a man.

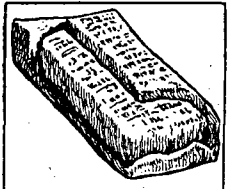
THE PICTURE STORY OF A BOOK



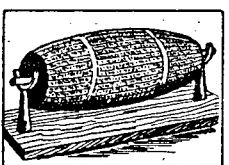
Book really means a record, and the very first books were writings, or inscriptions, carved on rocks like this one at Behistun, in Persia.



The first portable books were carved on tablets of stone such as this one found in the great Temple of the Sun at Sippara, in South Babylonia. It mentions the Land of Nod. 4000 B.C.



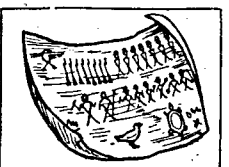
The next kind of book was the unbaked clay tablet inscribed with wedge-shaped characters. Often the tablet was kept in a clay envelope. 2500 B.C.



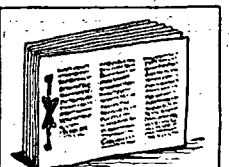
Books were later made in the form of clay cylinders, mounted on an axis so that they could be easily revolved for reading. 1000 B.C.



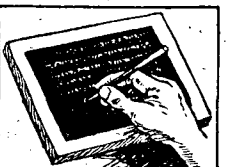
Parchment made from the skins of animals was early used for writing upon, and books in the form of parchment rolls, wound round rollers are found as far back as Isaiah. 750 B.C.



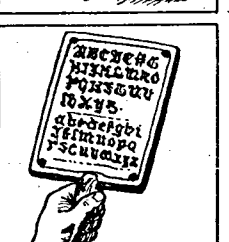
In some countries records were written on the bark of trees, especially in lands where suitable trees were abundant. 500 B.C.



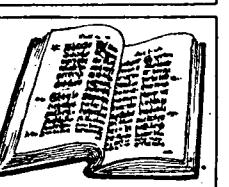
Papyrus was used 3000 years B.C., and just before the beginning of the Christian era sheets were bound up in volume form and called a codex. 50 B.C.



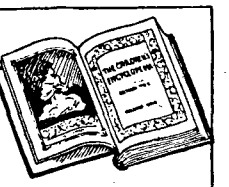
Many Roman authors wrote their works on wax tablets with a stylus. The wax was in a frame, but such books soon perished. 50 B.C.



In England horn books were used, consisting of a sheet of parchment, the written words being covered with a thin piece of transparent horn, and the whole fastened to a wooden board. A.D. 900



After the invention of paper and printing books practically the same as our modern books were produced with the old black, or Gothic, letters. 1440



The latest improvements in printing and paper are found in the Children's Encyclopedia, the book that tells you all about the world in which you live. 1921

The evolution of the book has been a long process, and in these pictures we see the various stages in its history from the ancient rock inscription to the volume of today

ONE INDUSTRY MAKES ANOTHER

Development from Beet Sugar

MINERAL USED IN FIREWORKS

The beet sugar industry in England, now being started in earnest, is likely to cause a big development in another industry hitherto very small—that of mining celestine.

This is a mineral occurring in large quantities near Bristol, at Clachnaharry, and near Knaresborough; and from it salts of strontium are prepared.

Up till now these salts have been used solely for giving the brilliant red colour to fireworks and signal lights, but experiments have proved their value in the process of refining sugar.

If strontium comes into general use for this purpose, the mining of celestine in England will become an important industry, as many countries producing beet sugar will import it from us.

WORK FOR A NEW TOWN

War and the Glass Industry

The enormous amount of work which had to be applied to the glass industry during the war, owing to the fact that so little glass could be obtained from abroad, has had a permanent effect, and Great Britain is now to make glass of such quality and in such quantity that we should compete successfully with all other countries.

A glass-making centre has just been started near the Doncaster coalfields. At present three or four hundred houses are being built for the workpeople, who will number about a thousand; but it is estimated that within five years a large town will have replaced the little village and the population will be ten thousand.

A SHOCKLESS CRUTCH

Something Good for Cripples

In the same way that a shock-absorber is necessary in a motor-car, so is one needed by the invalid's crutch, and a crutch has just been invented which will add greatly to the comfort of cripples and wounded soldiers.

Instead of being rigid, the new crutch has a spring at the part where the shoulder rests, enabling it to slide up and down on the uneven road.

The ferrule, or end of the leg, is also made to slide with a spring, so that all unpleasant jolting is taken off.

C.N. MAP IN CANADA

Its Use in Schools

A Scottish Correspondent who sends the C.N. to British Columbia forwards a letter from Bunty, one of the lasses who receives it.

I am glad you got those papers (writes Bunty), but they are not nearly so nice as the C.N. That is the best paper in the world.

I cut the maps out and take them to school. The teacher says they are excellent—far better than the geography text-book. She passes them round the class, and we get a minute each to look at them, and then we have to write down all we saw on the map.

LITTLE WATERFALLS

How to Get Power From Them

The use of heavy falls of water for producing power is proving of such immense value that attention is now being paid to tiny waterfalls, hitherto never considered as a source of energy.

A new and very simple type of compound water turbine has been made, which will operate with as little as 26 gallons of water a minute, and a little fall of only six feet can be utilised. The practical success of this new turbine brings water power within the reach of small factories, and even country dwelling houses, for producing power or light.

THINGS SEEN IN MY GARDEN

The Crow, the Hen, and the Scorpion

By a Boy of Eight

British children, with all the advantages of good schools, must look to their laurels. Here is a note from a boy of eight living in Egypt, showing how good English composition can be when practised on the banks of the Nile. It also gives glimpses of life there.

I wonder if you would like to hear about our brave cockerel. One day a big carrion crow came down into the garden and would have carried off Grey Tail, who is one of our hens; but our cockerel saw her danger just in time, and saved her by chasing the crow. He ran up with his feathers ruffled, and seemed all beak and claws, and he would have fought the crow if it had not flown away.

You might like to put another story about Grey Tail in the C.N. Our garden has scorpions in it. The chickens were out, and I was standing by the hutch when I heard a scuffling noise behind me. I looked round and saw Grey Tail running off with something big in her beak. She dropped it under a tree, and then I saw it was a dead scorpion. It might have bitten me if Grey Tail had not caught it in time.

WISE MOTHER CAT

How She Saved the Kittens

An Australian cat showed remarkable sagacity at Glebe, near Sydney, when a very serious fire broke out near the Sydney University.

Despite the efforts of the firemen a row of houses was destroyed. The cat belonged to Mrs. Daniels, of Missendon Road, and was sleeping in the kitchen with her three kittens. During the fire the mother took them one by one from the room into an outhouse, and placed them securely underneath the copper in the place. Surrounded on three sides by brick, the kittens were found to be perfectly safe, although the outhouse was destroyed.

ONE KITTEN—THREE MOTHERS

A Tale of Competition

A Derbyshire reader tells of two cats competing to be foster-mother to one kitten.

One of our cats has a kitten, but our other cat has taken it and mothers it, washing it and letting it sleep with her.

Also, a neighbour's cat, living 50 yards away, has taken to the kitten in the same way, and has carried it off and put it with her own kitten.

We have fetched it back, but she comes to our door and mews for it day after day. It must be a rare thing for a kitten to have two willing foster-mothers.

A SNIPE'S DRUM

The Musical Feather

An Upper Norwood reader, referring back to a question in the C.N. as to how a snipe bleats, quotes the following explanation.

If you take the large flight feathers out of a snipe's wings and fit them in a row on a piece of cane, and then wave your feathery wand swiftly through the air, you will get quite a fair idea of the drum, or bleat, of a snipe.

It is caused by the curiously-shaped flight feathers cutting through the air as the snipe descends from an immense height in a graceful spiral.

WILD FRIENDS

Surprise for a Farmer

A farmer living in the neighbourhood of Oswestry, having suffered damage from foxes, set out to clear them from their burrows, and caught five alive. A sixth had taken refuge in a burrow in a wood, and, encouraged by his success, the farmer started to dig it out.

But he found it was not alone. In the same burrow, living apparently in peace and friendship, was a badger. Both animals were caught alive.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

TEACHING OF A NEW SCIENCE

Do We Bring a Marvellous Memory with us into the World?

DR. FREUD AND HIS WORK

Frequently we see in papers or in books references to a famous doctor of Vienna into whose consulting room there often came patients without any bodily disease. He was Dr. Freud.

As the physician could see that these people were really ill, although their heart and lungs were sound and well, he came to the conclusion that their illness must be caused in some way by the mind. So he began to study the human mind in a more scientific way than anyone had hitherto done, and to the results of his investigations he gave the miserably dull name of psycho-analysis.

Where Our Memories Live

Dr. Freud attributed a great deal of importance to what is known as the unconscious mind. This is the part of the mind that is responsible for dreams; it is where our memories live, and all past thoughts and feelings, as well as many instincts, and emotions of which we do not know the origin.

How do these thoughts get into the unconscious mind? There is a great deal that people do not yet understand, but it is supposed that we come into this world, "not in entire forgetfulness," but with memories of all the generations that have gone before us. Fears of the dark, perhaps, are memories of the times when primitive, ignorant men and women feared Nature, and considered darkness a sign of God's displeasure.

Think on These Things

A great many of the thoughts in our unconscious mind, however, are put there by ourselves, and it is this point that for us is the most important. This helps us to understand why St. Paul told the people of the Church at Philippi to think on "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

The new science has a great deal to say about fear. Fear, as everybody knows, is sometimes a good emotion, sometimes a bad one. It is good to be afraid of seizing the hot end of a red-hot poker, or of playing with a loaded pistol; but it is bad to be afraid of being alone or of harmless animals, and still worse is it to be afraid of owning up or of facing the difficulties of life.

Face Your Fears

The best thing to do with an unreasonable fear is to tell it to the most understanding grown-up person you know. You may be quite sure that such a person will not laugh. But if you are too shy to talk about your feelings, just face your own fears. Ask yourself what such silly fears mean, and before long you yourself will be able to laugh at them.

This new science teaches that we must learn to be honest in thought. It is so easy to deceive ourselves. We ought not to "make up" reasons why we are doing things, but to face our real motive. If we practise self-deceit the unconscious mind itself may take its revenge by one day deceiving us. In fact, the teaching of this twentieth-century science may be summed up in the words Polonius used in saying good-bye to his son Laertes: "To thine own self be true."

WINDFALL FOR THE EDINBURGH SCOUTS

Miss C. E. Evans, who obtained the first prize of £100 in our Natural History Examination, has handed £25 to the 6th City of Edinburgh Troop of Boy Scouts, of which her brother is Scoutmaster, for the purchase of a trek-cart.

WONDERFUL FLIGHT OF A BIRD

Travelling at Sixty Miles
an Hour

TENANT OF THE WILD SEA CLIFFS

By Our Country Correspondent

A farmer in Glamorganshire has been fined ten shillings for shooting a peregrine falcon. It is the constant persecution of this fine bird that has rendered it as rare as it is in Great Britain, and the infliction of a fine for shooting a peregrine falcon is a reminder that it cannot be destroyed with impunity.

It haunts the wild sea cliffs and mountain crags, and builds its nest on some inaccessible ledge, using sticks, seaweed, grass, or any similar material.

There it lays three or four yellowish or brownish eggs, well mottled with red and orange-brown, and hatches out its young any time up to the end of June, so that just now the birds are fledged.

At one time the peregrine falcon was much commoner than it is today, frequenting practically every part of our coasts where there are high cliffs.

It is a fine old English bird, of interest, not only to the Nature lover, but to all who read and know their country's history, for it was the peregrine that was used in falconry. The female was called a falcon and the male a tercel.

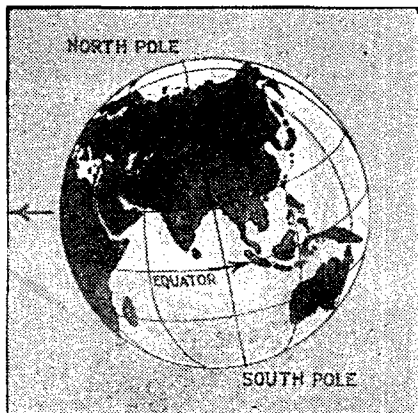
The flight of a strong falcon is amazing. One that belonged to Henry IV of France escaped from Fontainebleau and was found in Malta, 1350 miles away, within 24 hours, so that if it were on the wing all the time it must have travelled 57 miles an hour. Such birds, however, never fly by night, so that its speed must have been much greater than that of an express train.

In chasing snipe in England a falcon has covered nine miles in 11 minutes, and as it made numerous turns its speed would be over a mile a minute.

In general appearance and flight the peregrine resembles the kestrel, but it is a larger bird and has a shorter tail. The female is larger than the male, which is at least as big as a rook. It swoops with great power, striking its prey with its massive talons.

Inland, if it multiplied greatly, it might be a nuisance, but on the sea coasts, where it lives on sea birds, there is no objection to its presence.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 a.m. on any day in July as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Herbs that are fit should be cut and dried. Early potatoes will probably be sufficiently matured to be taken up to dry for housing. Pinch off the tops of tomatoes, and thin the shoots.

Sow successions of radishes in a cool place. Lift anemones, narcissi, and other roots and bulbs as their foliage dies down.

Many plants in the flower borders will now be revealing their flower spikes, and need staking and tying.

THEY SAW NAPOLEON

WOMAN WHO WAS ON
THE BELLEROPHON

And an Officer Who Sailed
With Him to St. Helena

LINKS WITH THE PAST IN C.N. HOMES

The article in the C.N. about a member of the staff who had heard his grandfather describe how he saw Napoleon at Torbay has brought some very interesting letters to the Editor.

One from Mr. John Wright of Stirling tells how his wife's aunt, who is still living in his house, remembers an old woman, Mary Duff, who was actually on board the Bellerophon with Napoleon.

The lady has often heard Mary tell her story. Mary lived with her husband, a hard-working carpenter, at Peterhead, and they had five children. One day, Duff was captured by the press-gang and rushed off to the ship, leaving his wife and children ignorant of his fate.

After some time Mary received a letter from her husband, saying he was at Portsmouth, and this dauntless woman, confiding her children to her husband's parents, started for Portsmouth.

How the Women Treated Napoleon

Those were days in which a certain number of women were often carried on warships to perform various duties, and Mary pleaded with the admiral to allow her to sail with Duff. She was allowed to do so, and Mary spent several years sailing in all parts of the world.

Mr. Wright's relative well remembers Mary's description of Napoleon's stay on the Bellerophon. When he paced the deck the women, whose duty it was to do the sewing and cleaning, used to try to wet his feet as they swabbed the deck by throwing water in his direction.

The emperor was very carefully guarded, day and night, by six soldiers.

Watching the Prisoner

It is a most interesting reminiscence of an age that seems very remote, when warships carried women as well as men.

Another interesting letter is from Mrs. Rena C. Brd, whose grandmother's uncle, Sergeant-Major Furness, with whom several living people have conversed, went to St. Helena with Napoleon on board the Northumberland. He left a memorandum in which he gives some graphic details of the emperor's life.

Bonaparte frequently came upon deck when the weather was moderate, always attended by some of his suite. The latter never put on their hats while in his presence. We soldiers used to sit upon the booms or other convenient place and look at him in a sort of wonder, and think of the strange things we had heard and read about him.

He generally wore the same dress—green coat with a silver star on the breast, white Kerseymer waistcoat, and knee breeches of the same, white silk stockings, light shoes, and a small cocked hat.

Looking for a House

The sergeant-major goes on to tell that the ship arrived at St. Helena unexpectedly on October 15, and no accommodation had been prepared. Napoleon landed in the evening, and slept at a house in the town, where hurried preparations were made during the day. The next morning he proceeded with the admiral into the country to look at a house intended for his future residence, and he never visited the town again.

The sergeant-major remained at St. Helena till the emperor's death, and gives an account of the funeral.

A third reader, at Clifton, who is only 60, has heard his father tell how, when he was a child of two, he was taken in a boat to see Napoleon on the Bellerophon when that vessel reached Plymouth.

All these links connecting C.N. readers with a great page of history are extremely interesting. What other historic memories come into our readers' homes?

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

How Does Blight Get on Trees?

Insects visit the trees and lay their eggs there, and from a few multitudes develop.

Is the Cuckoo Call Made by the Male or the Female?

By both, but the call of the female is less definite than that of the male, and has a bubbling note.

What is a Shire Horse?

The shire is the biggest and heaviest of all our horses, an immense, powerful, intelligent creature, always to be recognised by his very hairy legs and fine mane and tail.

Where do Linnets Spend the Winter?

Linnets are common in this country all the year round, but in the autumn they flock, and many fly south, some crossing the sea to warmer lands.

What is a Cavy?

Cavy is the scientific name of the group of mammals of which our little friend the domesticated guinea pig is a member. Guinea pig is believed to be a corruption of the original name, Guiana pig.

Should Tadpoles, When They Become Frogs, Be Kept in Water?

No; on reaching the perfect stage the frog becomes a land animal, and will die if kept in water. It must seek its food on land, returning to the water only to sleep the winter away, and to lay its eggs in the spring.

What Do Moths and Butterflies Eat?

Theirs is a diet such as a poet might envy—the nectar of flowers, though the gorgeous red admiral will stoop from the heights above an oak tree to sip moisture from carrion. Some species do not eat at all, their food supplies having been absorbed in the caterpillar stage.

Do Australian Sheep Get Gold Teeth?

If, or when, they do it can only be the result of feeding upon herbage in which minute quantities of free gold are present. This, being transferred to the mouth, would gradually deposit a film of gold upon the teeth. The writer has no expert knowledge of the subject.

How Should a Baby Squirrel be Fed?

It is extremely difficult to rear tiny mammals deprived of the milk of the mother, which should suckle it—as difficult as to deal with a blind kitten or a tiny puppy. The creature must have milk, and it must suck it from a rubber teat or from a rag soaked in the fluid.

Do Birds Ever Collide When Flying?

Yes; even such master craftsmen of the air as birds are not infallible. Such accidents must be numerous, but they are not commonly recorded. One has seen a pigeon temporarily maimed in such a collision, and heard of a pheasant being killed when startled, with a host of other birds, into sudden flight.

How does the Electric Eel Produce its Electricity?

Like certain catfish and rays, the electric eel is furnished with modified tissues, plates, and nerves which enable it to discharge an electric current powerful enough to disable a man. The apparatus began as ordinary muscle; by a marvellous natural process it developed into the world's first true electric battery. The problem, which is very complex, cannot be adequately treated in this column.

Has Man Domesticated Any Insects?

Yes; the bee and the silkworm. He also farms ladybirds for the destruction of scale insects and greenfly. Man's relation to the insects is fully dealt with in a very graphic illustrated article in the C.N. monthly for August—My Magazine—now lying on the bookstalls side by side with this paper.

THE SCORPION IN THE SKY

FIERY SUNS OF RED AND
GREEN

Light That Takes 650 Years to
Reach the Earth

NEIGHBOURS MILLIONS OF MILES APART

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Scorpion, or Scorpio, one of the finest and most ancient constellations in the sky, may now be seen to advantage.

It is above the southern horizon after dusk, but it is not visible for long owing to its being so far to the south. A clear view is necessary down to the horizon in order to see all the stars shown in the accompanying map.

The stars of Scorpio will be readily found with the aid of Antares, the chief star of this splendid group; he will be seen due south, and about a sixth of the way up from the horizon, between 10 and 11 p.m., a very bright and twinkling star of a crimson hue, with occasional green flashes in his scintillations.

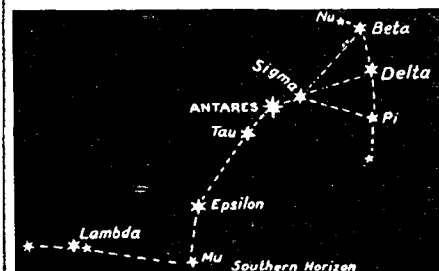
Red and Green Flashes

These alternating red and green effects are very marked when the star is viewed through magnifying glasses, and are due to the fact that, though Antares is a fiery red sun, he has a smaller fiery companion that shines with a green light.

They appear so close together that it is difficult to see them as separate suns in small telescopes, but their light mingles, and we see the colours alternately as our atmosphere breaks up their light into scintillations, or twinklings.

Although appearing as neighbours, actually some hundreds of millions of miles separate these two suns, and it is possible that the green one goes round the much larger red one, which has been calculated to give 800 times the light of our Sun.

This light is believed to have taken 155 years to reach us, in which case he must be nearly ten million times as far



The Constellation of the Scorpion

away as our Sun; but the measurement of this great distance is based upon his observed parallax, which is exceedingly small, and, therefore, until verified by other methods of measurement, cannot be considered final.

There are many other interesting orbs glittering in Scorpio these summer nights. Beta, the next in point of brightness, is at the top of the bow of stars, to the right of Antares. It is actually composed of three suns.

Stars Made Up of Several Suns

The larger is yellow, and the smaller pale green, and each of them is estimated to be larger than our Sun. Their light is believed to take about 140 years to reach us. Very close to the larger one a much smaller fiery world was discovered, revolving round him.

Other wonders are the smaller star Nu, a little to the left of, and above, Beta; it is composed of four stars. The bright star Sigma, to the right, and above Antares, is composed of two suns; so also is Lambda, and the fainter Mu.

Delta, the bright star below Beta, appears to be a giant, for it has been calculated to give light equal to 1500 times our Sun, and its rays take 407 years to reach us; while the brilliant Epsilon, twinkling just above the horizon, is believed to be over 650 light years away.

G. F. M.

A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by
GEORGE
GOODCHILD



CHAPTER 35

The Jaws of Death

THE full significance of Rolf's mad act was clear to Tom. The instruments were shattered beyond repair. With the fragments lay the remains of his own ingenious invention.

But that fact did not worry Tom so much as the realisation that further communication with Mars was barred till they could get back to Europe. Even then the chances of getting into touch again might not be so favourable as on this mountain-top, in the clear, dry atmosphere of the country.

In the meantime there was a communication of the highest importance incomplete.

Rolf dropped the axe and twitched under the fury in Tom's eyes.

"Yes, I did it, and I'm glad," he said viciously.

Tom hurled himself forward, infuriated by his words. He seized Rolf by the collar and, despite his struggles, flung him across the room. Rolf fell with a crash against the door, and burst it open. He rose to his feet slowly, but made no attempt to hit back. Tom's strength cowed him. The past year had added inches to Tom's height and to his chest, and life on Mount Cap had transformed the boy into the muscular being he now was.

"Get out!" ordered Tom. "Get out, or I'll throw you out."

"You drove me to it," mumbled Rolf. "For the past two months I've suffered all kinds of humiliation. They wouldn't allow me to touch the instrument. And now no one will work it again."

Some of Tom's wrath evaporated. "It was a mean, despicable thing to do," he said.

"No more despicable than to treat me like a child."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense. Suppose the case were reversed and you were left out in the cold as I have been, what would you have felt?"

"I shouldn't have done anything so mean as this."

"You can't tell. I was as proud of my work as you are. Why couldn't they trust me with those messages?"

"I don't know. The damage is done now. What will Gellett say?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. Of course you'll make a fine story of it. It'll place you higher than ever."

The bitterness of this remark brought a flush to Tom's cheek.

"Get out," he said. "I can't stand your meanness."

Rolf scowled and made to go, but at that moment Hennessee appeared. He looked at the broken instruments with horror.

"What's all this?" he asked.

Rolf looked at Tom. He waited for the explanation and for Hennessee's unbridled wrath.

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"The storm," he said calmly. "The lightning played havoc with it."

"Who would have thought it!" muttered Hennessee. "It's ruined your invention, Tom."

"I can reconstruct it again when we get back."

"Yes—but it means a lot of unnecessary work."

"Perhaps I shall make an improvement."

He looked up and saw a queer look in Rolf's eyes. It was a mixture of shame and regret. Rolf dropped his glance and walked slowly out.

"Ah well!" sighed Hennessee. "These things will happen. In any case we have to dismantle the station. The Dragon-Fly is nearing completion and we have to get the wireless aboard. Heaven knows if we shall be able to rig up a temporary apparatus. There are men coming up with mules. Where's Rolf?"

"I think he is unwell," said Tom. "H'm! Funny chap. Got a bee in his bonnet about something."

"Oh, he's all right!" said Tom. "I think we have been neglecting him. He's a good chap at heart."

A mule and two men appeared at the top of the path. Then came others. In a few minutes the work of dismantling was in operation.

All day Tom was thinking about the message. What did it mean by the doom of earth? And what were the Martians going to send?

It seemed impossible that they could send anything to another planet, yet why should they say so? But for Rolf the mystery might have been made clear. Now it meant that months must pass before any light could be thrown on it.

He wondered whether he ought to show the message to Robert or Gellett, but he decided to wait.

In the evening he met Agassir, and walked with him out of the city to where the big waterfall that supplied the electrical power thundered over the rocks.

Agassir was full of the approaching departure of the Dragon-Fly. He wanted to see the ship fly, but he was sorry that Tom and the others were going from the country.

"Will you ever come back?" he asked.

"Who knows?"

"I should like to see the lands beyond the mountains."

"You wouldn't like them," said Tom. "Riobamia is the most beautiful place in the world. One day, perhaps, engineers may make roads across the mountains and tracks through the forest, and then will come merchants and railways. The land will no longer be beautiful and peaceful. Nations will covet some of your minerals, and ugly mines will be opened up and tall chimneys erected."

Agassir sighed. They were close to the falls now. The small power station on the bank looked like a doll's house by comparison. Across the higher level was a trestle bridge leading from one bank to the other, and on the bridge was a figure. Agassir pointed excitedly.

"The bridge is unsafe. No one should venture on it. There is a danger notice somewhere. The great storm damaged it and it is waiting to be repaired."

The figure still continued to walk forward.

"It is Rolf Chudd," ejaculated Tom. "How can we warn him?"

They put their hands to their mouths and shouted, but the roar of the water drowned the sound.

Then a terrible thing happened. The narrow, frail bridge suddenly broke in two. They saw Rolf clutch frantically at the falling handrail and miss it. They saw his body turn a somersault and drop into the rushing torrent.

"He's gone!" cried Agassir.

They rushed to the bank, where the water boiled over the rocks, and looked towards the centre of the stream. A black object spun in the white whirlpool and was lost again.

"He'll be smashed to bits," moaned Agassir.

Tom's heart seemed to stand still. Below them the rocks thinned out and a more or less clear fairway began. Quickly he flung off his coat and boots.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Agassir.

"Go in after him," muttered Tom. "I'm a strong swimmer—get a boat lower down the river."

Agassir's eyes opened wide. He put a restraining arm on Tom's shoulder. Like most Riobamians he could not swim and dreaded the water. Tom shook off the impeding arm and dived in.

If Agassir couldn't swim he could run. He went off like a young deer to a place where boats were moored.

Tom struck the water and felt himself hurled downstream. He looked for Rolf, but could see no trace of him. Now and then the water thundered over his head, but he kept on with a powerful side stroke, knowing that the stream would be more placid lower down.

Ten minutes later he caught sight of Rolf, who was making feeble efforts to keep afloat. By his struggles it was obvious that the fall had injured him.

Unless he could catch up with him he would be doomed. Once his feeble powers gave up he would be clutched by the fierce undercurrent and surely drowned.

Tom buried his head in the foam and went for it with a strong over-arm stroke. Little by little he gained, but the water was terribly cold, and he feared the horrors of cramp.

He was within fifty yards of Rolf when the lad's arm went up and he disappeared from view.

It was neck or nothing now. Tom passed the spot and dived, but found nothing. He came to the surface with aching eyes. In front of him was Rolf's inert body. Madly he made for it, almost reached it when it sank again. Down he dived into the black depths, feeling with both hands.

At last! Something touched him. He clutched it and held it. He came to the surface, to find the pallid face of Rolf before him. He

could swim no more, so floated on his back, with his burden supported under the armpits.

The city drew near. A strange numbness crept over him. He fancied he heard the cry of men's voices like those in a dream. How quiet and peaceful it was, floating along on the breast of the river.

CHAPTER 36

Rolf in a New Light

THE men in the boat were only just in time. They caught him as he was sinking with his burden, and took them both to the house in which they lived.

The three weeks that followed were lost to Tom. Rolf, with a nasty wound in the head, quickly recovered, but Tom had contracted pneumonia by the long immersion and was only pulled through by the doctor's skill.

He came through the crisis to full consciousness, to find Robert leaning over him.

"Ha! That's better! We'll have you up and about very soon now."

"What's been the matter? Oh, I remember! Is Rolf all right?"

"Yes. You saved him from a watery grave. You've had a bout with pneumonia. The things you said were weird and wonderful."

"What did I talk about?"

"Oh, the end of the world, and Martians coming to earth! The end of the world seemed to be your pet subject."

Tom flushed scarlet.

"How is the work going forward?" he asked.

"Splendidly. We shall be ready to sail in seven days if you are well enough."

"Of course I shall be!" said Tom. "I feel all right now."

"Yes, no doubt, but you won't when you try to get on your legs. Rolf is waiting to see you. He's been here every day since he came out of the doctor's hands. Shall I send him in?"

"Yes," quavered Tom.

Rolf entered shyly and sat by the bed. For a while he said not a word, but stared at the floor.

"Well?" said Tom.

"I wanted to thank you," stammered Rolf. "They told me what you did."

"Oh, that's all right! There was no danger. I'm a strong swimmer."

"No danger! Why, in another minute we should both have been drowned!"

"Don't you believe it. They always exaggerate these things."

Rolf suddenly grabbed Tom's hand and his words came hot and fast:

"Tom, you don't know what sort of a skunk I feel. I've seen myself as I am since you saved my life. When I broke the wireless I was mad with jealousy. I hated to feel that you were cleverer than I. But it's different now. I want to help you in your successes. I feel now that jealousy is the meanest thing on earth. And you've been so decent. All through you've stuck to me in spite of my rottenness. If you'll just let me be a pal I'll make up for all that."

Tom's hand gripped his.

"Don't do yourself an injustice, Rolf. Of course it was silly to be jealous of me. Gellett was to blame—he has such absurd notions. Let us start from now as though we had met for the first time. Now tell me about the ship."

Rolf explained that he and Hennessee had rigged up a temporary wireless instrument which had a fair range of action, and that the Dragon-Fly was practically ready for flight.

"We have enough petrol to make Brisbane," he said; "and then we are flying straight back to England."

Then the doctor came and bundled Rolf out.

"See you tomorrow," Rolf called out from the doorway.

"Oh, I'll be walking about tomorrow!" said Tom cheerfully.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Learned Artist

THE son of an Antwerp lawyer who had been imprisoned in Germany during the troublous times of the 16th century was intended for his father's profession.

The boy, however, wanted to become a painter, and at the age of 13 began to study art in the Low Countries, and then, ten years later, went to Italy. He was received by the Duke of Mantua with great honour and appointed one of the gentlemen of his chamber.

He remained there two years, during which time he painted several pictures.

He visited Venice and Rome, and then went to Spain on an embassy for the Duke of Mantua, in which he was highly successful, having pleased the king of Spain by painting his portrait.

Other parts of Italy were visited and many pictures painted, but in the midst of his successes he learned that his mother was dangerously ill, and immediately hastened home to Antwerp, only to find she had just passed away.

This greatly affected him, and he intended to lessen the force of his bereavement by going to Italy again; but the duke who ruled the Netherlands wished to retain his services, and he finally settled down in Antwerp, where he painted a number of pictures that now rank among the world's greatest masterpieces.

Sir Joshua Reynolds said of him that he was "perhaps the greatest master of the mechanical part of his art, the best workman with his tools, that ever handled a pencil."

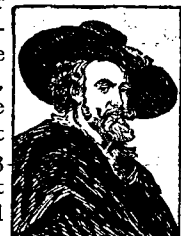
This is great praise from such a distinguished authority.

His house at Antwerp became a rare and princely museum, full of the most magnificent art treasures; and while he painted he used to have the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature read aloud to him. He kept a collection of wild beasts to use as living models for his pictures, and he was in every way a man remarkable for his accomplishments, which included a knowledge of seven languages.

Other artists became jealous of his success and declared that he was wanting in invention, but his only reply was to conceive and paint for Antwerp Cathedral one of the finest pictures the world possesses.

He again acted in diplomatic missions, and came to England, where he painted for Charles I a fine picture that now hangs in the National Gallery in London. He received the honour of knighthood from Charles I, and a similar honour

was also conferred on him by the Spanish King, Philip IV. He finally died at the age of 63 after a life that was a model of industry, courtesy, and domestic felicity. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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I Wish You All the Joy that You Can Wish



DI MERRYMAN

"WHY is an old man's sheep farm that is run by his sons like the focus of a burning glass?" asked the funny man at a party.

After thinking for a long time everyone gave it up.

"Because it is the place where the sons raise meat," said the funny man, and then he hurried off with the whole crowd after him.

What Is Wrong in This Picture?



Test your powers of observation by finding what has been drawn wrong in this picture. Solution next week

CAN you spell grandly with four letters?
G R and L Y.

A Venturesome Schoolgirl
A VENTURESOME schoolgirl of Gloster
Was chased by a wild bull, which tossed her;
She went up so high
Through the clouds in the sky
That her friends down in Gloster have lost her.

WHY is the letter W like scandal?
Because it makes ill will.



The Escapades of Johnny Crook

JOHNNY CROOK was feeling queer, So called in Dr. Crow.
"What's amiss?" the doctor asked.
Said Johnny, "I don't know."
The doctor said, "Your skin's too rough;
More smooth it ought to be.
I'll roll it for an hour or two;
Now lie down by this tree!"
He rolled poor Johnny's back, I'm told,
From ten till half-past three.

Buried Flowers

THE name of a well-known flower is hidden in each of these sentences. See if you can find them.

My brother is gone to Japan, Syria, and India.

Will Mr. Carlo be liable for this?

Hark! How Tom and Sarah are bellowing in the nursery.

I read to that poor negro several times a week.

This case is urgent; I anticipate a good sum.

Answers next week

Is Your Name Holiness?

It used to be thought that this name was derived from Holderness, in Yorkshire, but, as the name is almost exclusively a Kent surname, it is now believed that it comes from the word holiness, and that the ancestors of those bearing the name were either connected with the Church or received the name as a description of their character.

WHEN is it hard to get your watch from your pocket?
When it's ticking (sticking) there.

Romance in Grammar-book Town

LITTLE Miss Noun
Through Grammar-book Town
Took a walk on a sunshiny day,
When along came a Verb,
Looking simply superb,
So they went and got wed straight away.

A Purse Full of Coconuts

THERE was once a famous singer who went on a tour round the world. In the course of this tour she gave concerts, and at the end of each concert she was given a share of the receipts. One day she came to the Society Islands.

Now, the people of the Society Islands had managed all their lives to get along without money. Instead of paying for a thing with a token or a symbol they paid for it with some other thing.

Therefore, it came to pass that the famous singer received at the end of her concert in their islands, not a cheque, not a bag of gold, but three pigs, 23 turkeys, 44 chickens, and a quantity of fruit, including 5000 coconuts.

We hope that nobody picked her pocket on her way to the steamer.

What Is This?

MY first may spring from a grey goose wing;
A king is but my second;

Of the works of me I my third has been
The bravest object reckoned.

Now, without my first my whole would be
A thing unknown to you and to me.

Answers next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Diner's Reply

I ate next to nothing.

What Game Is This?

Leap frog
Beheaded Word Trap, rap

Jacko on the River

WHEN Jacko came in to dinner one day he found his aunt talking about somebody whose name he had never heard of.

"So nice for Jacko," she was saying. "Oh, there you are!" she added, as he slipped into his chair. "Bella is coming to spend the day. You will like to have someone to talk to, won't you?"

Jacko was busy disposing of a great helping of steak pudding; but, as soon as he was able to speak, he asked:

"Who's Bella?"

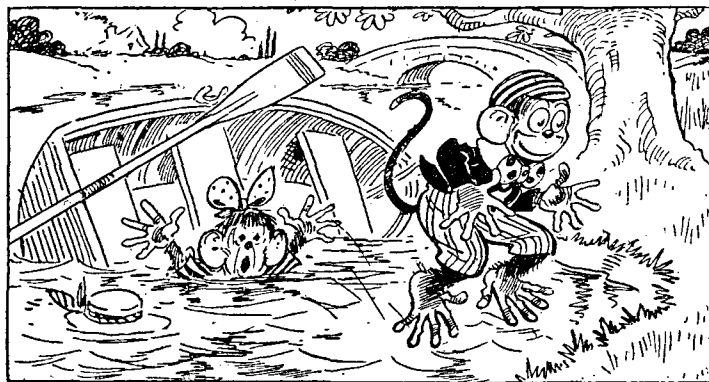
"Oh, just a girl who lives near by," replied his aunt.

Jacko was not particularly interested. He didn't like playing with girls, and when, later on, he saw her, and saw her prim and proper look, and the great ribbon bow stuck on her head, he wanted to do what he called a bolt.

But his aunt was too quick for him. It was she who fixed everything up, and, before Jacko could get a word in, there he was marching across the yard, the small girl trotting by his side.

What he was going to do with her he hadn't the faintest idea. He looked so glum that she looked up and asked, sweetly: "Have you a headache?"

"No!" growled Jacko. He wasn't quite sure that she



The boat turned turtle

wasn't pulling his leg. But, after all, it was only for a day, and he thought he might as well make the best of it.

"Look here!" he said. "What shall we do?"

"Go on the river," said Bella at once.

"The river!" repeated Jacko. "Where is it?"

"I'll show you!" said Bella, and, catching hold of his hand, she ran off.

It was a pretty scene, she led him to, and delightfully cool among the trees.

"By Jove!" thought Jacko. "If only I had known of it I'd have been here long ago."

"I know where there's a boat," said Bella. "Can you row?"

Jacko wasn't too sure, but it would never do to say so.

"Any idiot can do that," he said, loftily.

Bella smiled. "I can steer," she said. "But Daddie won't let me row yet."

They found the boat under the willows, and Jacko ran it down to the water's edge.

Bella skipped in, and sat down and picked up the ropes.

"Now then!" cried Jacko. "Hold tight! I'm going to push off!"

He pushed with a vengeance, grabbed the end, and leapt. But he didn't arrive where he expected—he landed with a mighty thud on the side of the boat.

"Oh!" cried Bella.

"Help!" cried Jacko.

The next moment the boat turned turtle, and Jacko and Bella were up to their arms in the water.

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Follow Me

24. Alors Jésus dit à ses disciples: Si quelqu'un veut venir après moi, qu'il renonce à lui-même, qu'il se charge de sa croix, et qu'il me suive.

25. Car celui qui voudra sauver sa vie la perdra, mais celui qui la perdra à cause de moi la trouvera.

26. Et que servirait-il à un homme de gagner tout le monde, s'il perdait son âme? ou, que donnerait un homme en échange de son âme?

27. Car le Fils de l'homme doit venir dans la gloire de son Père, avec ses anges; et alors il rendra à chacun selon ses œuvres.

Saint Matthew 16

Notes and Queries

What is a Blizzard? A fierce gale of cold wind accompanied by blinding snow.

What is the Index Finger? The forefinger; that is, the finger next to the thumb.

What is a Rara Avis? A prodigy, or something very unusual. The words are Latin, and mean literally a rare bird.

What is a Deferred Annuity? An annual payment for a fixed number of years, beginning after a certain period agreed upon.

What is a Sinecure? An office with practically no responsibility or duties. Sinecure is made up from two Latin words meaning without care.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Stile

ONE of the nicest things about Ronnie was the way he would run, smilingly, to do whatever you asked him.

So when his mother said to him one day, "I wish you would carry this letter to the post for me, darling," Ronnie jumped up, put out his hand for it, and ran off.

Now, it happened that the nearest way to the village was across the field. And that was the way Ronnie went.

Just now the field was full of corn. It was growing fast. As Ronnie went along the path it came almost up to his shoulders. He put out his arms, and laughed aloud as it swished past him as he ran.

Then he came to the stile which divided the great field into two. Ronnie put his foot on the bottom rail and stopped, for a great cow was staring him in the face.

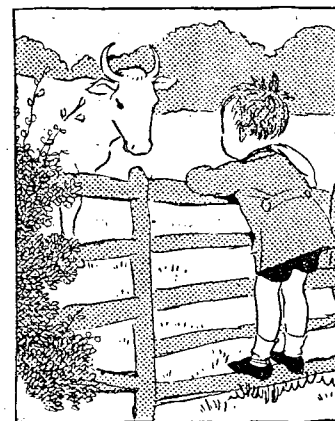
It looked friendly enough; but it stood just where Ronnie wanted to jump, and, though Ronnie said Shoo! ever so many times, it made no attempt to move.

Ronnie leaned his arms on the stile and considered.

He had no idea what he should do.

Of course, he could turn back and go to the village the road way. But somehow Ronnie couldn't do that. What would Daddie say? "Run away from a cow!" Ronnie could almost hear him. And how he would laugh!

Ronnie made up his mind. With cheeks pink and his heart



Ronnie considered

going bang! bang! bang! he climbed to the top of the stile and jumped down.

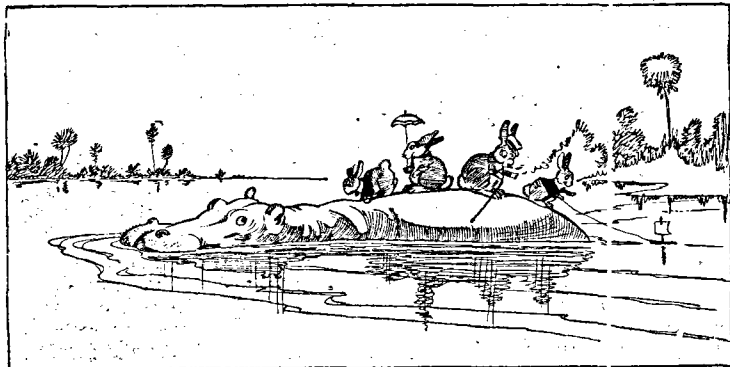
As he jumped he bumped—quite hard—against the cow, and, to stop himself from falling, he put out his hand and clutched her firmly round the neck.

It all happened so quickly that he had no time to think what he was doing.

But the cow didn't mind, not a bit. She stood there as still and as gentle as if she were trying to say, "Fancy being afraid of me!"

Ronnie laughed, gave her a friendly pat, and ran off.

The Adventures of the Rabbit Family



Mr. Hippo takes them on the river

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July 23, 1921

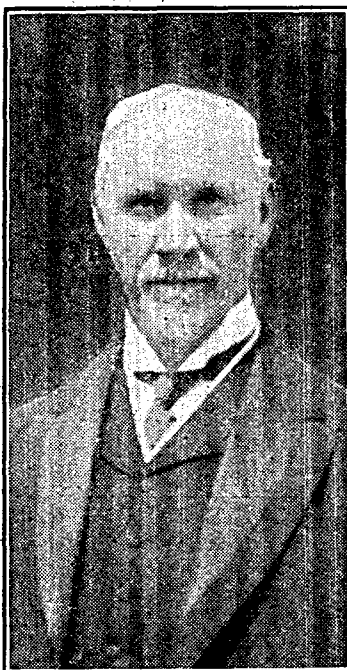
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BEAR AND TIGER AT PLAY • A LIFE-SAVING GUN • LONDON GOES TO SEA



A Spirited Young Horseman—Little Bobby Edgley, aged nine, who was the youngest rider at the recent Royal Show at Derby, is shown here with his favourite horse



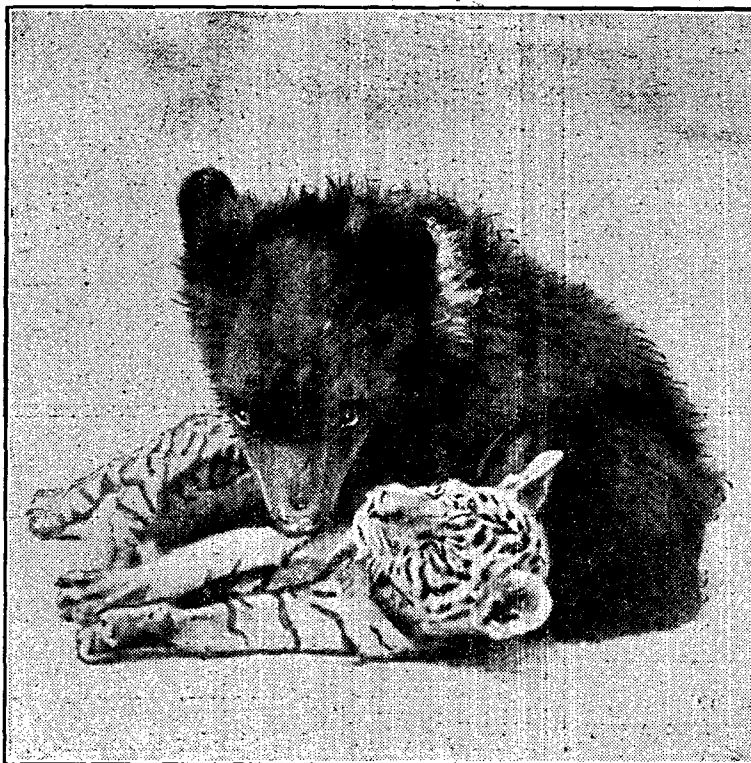
A Great British Statesman, General Smuts, who has been working for reconciliation in Ireland



The Band Takes a Ride—Great amusement was caused at a recent sports meeting in London when the bandmen went for a ride on the donkeys, taking their instruments with them, and playing them during a race



Breaking the Record—A. J. Hill of the Polytechnic Club breaking the British Amateur Record for one mile in four minutes thirteen and four-fifths seconds at Stamford Bridge



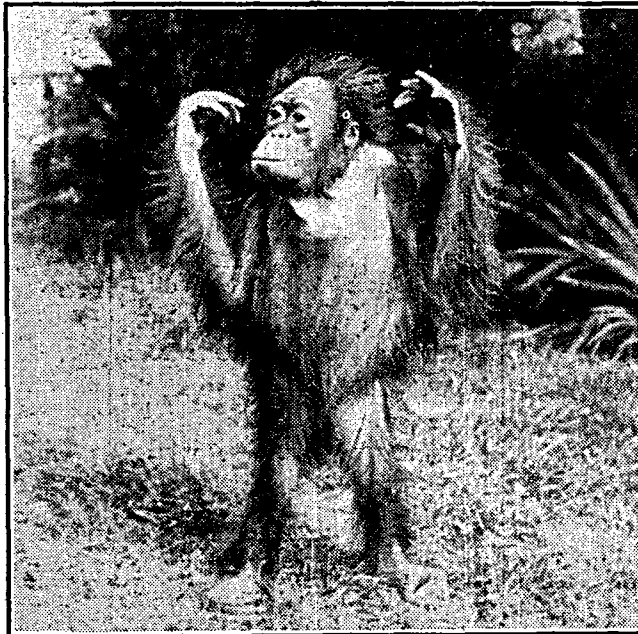
The Bear Lies Down With the Tiger—This pretty scene was photographed the other day at the London Zoo, where the baby bear and the baby tiger play together like a couple of kittens. To see them at their fun no one would dream that they could grow up to be dangerous animals



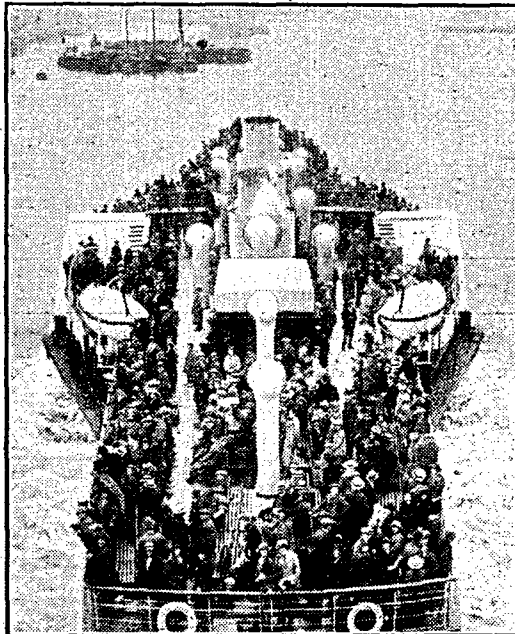
A Tent Full of Mischief—Now that the holiday season has arrived boys' camps are to be seen dotted all over the countryside. These boys, in camp near Hastings, have just heard the reveille



A Life-Saving Gun—This gun, which has just been adopted by the National Lifeboat Institution, will fire a life-line half-an-inch in diameter a distance of eighty yards to a wrecked ship in the face of a gale



The Orang-utan Snaps His Fingers—This orang-utan in the New York Zoo, where he lives amid almost natural surroundings, is showing his amused visitors that he cares nothing at all for their laughter and gibes



Londoners Off for a Sea-Trip—One of the results of the peace which Londoners most appreciate is the facility that has now been restored of taking a day trip to the sea by steamer. Here we see a large steamboat leaving London